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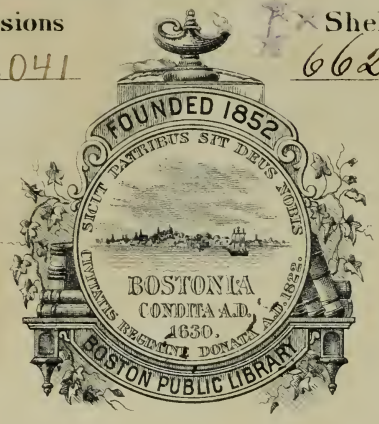

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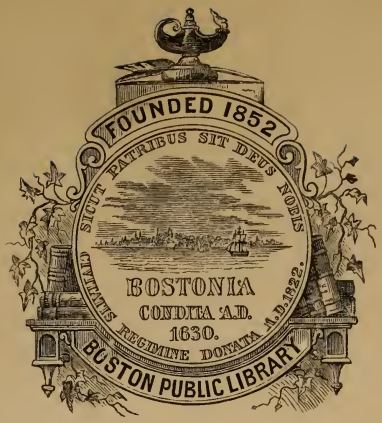

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PAMPHLETS.

Paris
in
1815

Accession No. 301.041

Added Oct. 21, 1871.

Catalogued by

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Memoranda.

1.Duke de Berri. 2 & 3. Duke & Duchess D'Angoulême. 4. Count D'Artois. 5. Louis XVIII.

PARIS;

DURING

THE INTERESTING MONTH

OF

JULY, 1815.

A

SERIES OF LETTERS,

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND IN LONDON.

By W. D. FELLOWES, Esq.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR GALE AND FENNER,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1815.

W. Flint, Printer, Old Bailey, London.

PREFACE.

THE Author of the following Letters arrived at Paris last year, at the interesting period of the King's restoration; and when the allied troops, headed by their respective sovereigns, entered the capital of France.

Being anxious to witness the second entry of the allies into that city, which, it was to be expected, would take place after the great battle of Waterloo, the Author proceeded to Calais, as soon as the communication was opened; and he had the good fortune to be again present at the extraordinary and splendid scenes which presented themselves in Paris during the month of July last.

The remarks, which he had an opportunity of making at that time, on the state of the public feeling, after the sudden changes which had so recently taken place, have been confirmed by subsequent events in France. Considering the bustle and confusion of such a city as Paris, crowded with the troops of a victorious army, it was extremely difficult to write down the daily occurrences with that order and accuracy so desirable; especially, as they were often committed to paper at a late hour of the night, and after the fatigues of the day.

Some of the most interesting observations of the preceding year are referred to, or incorporated in these Letters, written to a friend in London in July, 1815.

From the unsettled state of France,

and the suspense and anxiety of every class as to the result of affairs, added to the difficulty of obtaining information, it was not possible to enter into a full detail of events; but they are shortly described as they occurred, the Author having wrote his remarks at the moment, according to the impressions which they made upon his mind.

London, Oct. 11*th*, 1815.

PARIS,

IN THE MONTH OF JULY, 1815,

&c.

Dover, July 8, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

I LEFT London, in my way to Dover, on the 4th instant. The commencement of hostilities in the Netherlands by Buonaparte on the 16th ultimo, and the succession of sanguinary battles, in the last of which, on the 18th, the Duke of Wellington had defeated him in person, having again paved the way for the march of the allied armies towards Paris, I was induced to set off for the continent, to witness a recurrence of that splendid scene which I found so interesting in the spring of 1814.

At eight o'clock in the morning of the 5th I arrived at the York Hotel, where Mr. Payn received me with his accustomed attention and

civility. I was mortified, however, to find, that several days had elapsed without any intercourse between the two countries, by way of either Calais or Boulogne; and the stoppage of the correspondence, proving beyond a doubt that the allied armies had placed themselves between the capital (that focus of rebellion and intrigue) and the sea-coast—I determined to remain where I was, to be in readiness to avail myself of the first opportunity that might offer. On the morning of the 7th a cutter was dispatched by the Collector of the Customs to ascertain whether the white flag was yet flying at Calais; which returned in the evening, and reported having seen the tri-coloured flag on the steeple of the tower.—I amused myself by a walk to the Cliff, which is called after our favourite bard, from whence I had a distinct view of the French coast, and Napoleon's Tower, over the town of Boulogne.

This morning the Marquis of Anglesea disembarked. He was brought on shore in a chair, on men's shoulders. His Lordship was greeted by the people with loud cheers, and looked remarkably well.

Lord C—— having arrived with an order for a packet to convey him to Calais, being

charged with important dispatches for our minister; and Lord B—— luckily coming down at the same time with dispatches for the Duke of W———, Lord C—— very kindly, on my application to him, has allowed me to accompany him as one of his suite. No person is permitted to proceed to a French port unless under such circumstances. It was a curious coincidence, as his Lordship observed to me, that we had embarked together in the same vessel for Boulogne, in May, 1814, when the allies were about to enter Paris, and which then procured me the honour of being known to him—an acquaintance on this occasion of much consequence to my views.—We shall sail at an early hour, and I must, therefore, bid you adieu;

And remain, &c.

Paris, 10th July, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

We sailed from Dover on the 8th instant at eleven in the forenoon, the packet having on board Lord C——, Lord B———, Captain C—— of the navy, and his brother; friends of Lord B——, and myself. We had a favourable breeze at first, but it unluckily left us, and we were delayed until near midnight before we landed at Calais; we were instantly conducted to the guard-house, on the outside of the garrison gates. The officer informing us that the place being in a state of siege, it was necessary to report our arrival to the governor; it was near two in the morning before the mayor and an officer of the Etat Major arrived, and conducted us to Quillac's Hotel Dessain, where our passports having been examined, we were allowed to proceed. —None of our baggage was searched, as being in the suite of noblemen charged with dispatches.

We set off on Sunday morning the 9th, at five o'clock, having made the following arrangement:—Lord C—— preceded us in a German berlin; Lord B——— and myself engaged a ca-

briolet; Capt. C—— and his brother a similar conveyance; our four servants following in a berlin. For the hire of the carriages to Paris, M. Quillac charged us three hundred and ninety francs, equal to £16. 5s. the charge of each horse being thirty sous, and about forty were calculated on the average for each postilion. The ordonnance only allows them thirty, but it is always necessary to give them a trifle more. Our journey, therefore, stood us in about fifteen Louis each, which is about £15. calculating the difference of exchange, &c.

No intercourse was permitted between the crew of the packet and the people of Calais, except to the Captain, who was allowed to land, and sent off again as soon as we had proceeded on our journey.

As we passed through the towns and villages the inhabitants were at their doors to welcome and salute us. Never did I witness a greater appearance of joy than their countenances displayed.

At Boulogne we passed through some hundreds of soldiers, who appeared sullen and discomposed at the sight of us. Our passports were again examined, Boulogne being also in

a state of siege. We breakfasted at the Hotel de France, where we found the people very civil and desirous to please. We were detained there more than two hours by the commandant, and through the ceremony of our passports having to be "*viseèd*" by so many different people.

In passing this place last year before descending into the town, we were induced to alight and inspect the encampment of the "Army of England," and the celebrated Tower of Napoleon, which must always remain a monument of his vanity and ambition. The scaffolding around is of prodigious height, the tower having been intended to be as high as the frame of wood by which it is surrounded; but it is not above one-third finished. It can, however, be seen in clear weather from many parts of the English shore, without the assistance of a glass, and stands on the most elevated spot on the whole line of the coast.

During the long continuance of the French encampment at Boulogne, the troops had formed, as it were, a romantic town of huts. Every hut had a garden surrounding it, kept in neat order, and stocked with vegetables and flowers; they had, besides, fowls, pigeons, and rabbits,

and these, with a cat and dog, generally formed the household of every soldier. During the preparations that were made at Boulogne for the conquest of England, in order to amuse and keep up the spirits of the troops, the company of the theatre of the Vaudevilles were *ordered* from Paris to the army thus encamped. Several plays were composed for the occasion, and performed, in which the Germans were represented as defeated, and the English begging for peace *on their knees;* the Emperor of the French granting it upon condition, that one hundred guineas ready money should be paid to each of his soldiers and sailors ! Every corps was admitted *gratis* to witness this exhibition of the end of all their labours, and none but those who are acquainted with the fickle and inconsiderate character of the nation, can form an idea of the effect. Ballads with the same predictions and promises, were written and distributed among the soldiers, and sung by the women sent to the coast. All productions of this sort were, as usual, liberally rewarded by the Emperor's orders; and they poured in from all parts of the empire. As a specimen of the abuse which some of these hired French poets bestowed on the English nation, to flatter and inflame the

vanity of the French troops, one of them is made to sing :—

" A Londres on vit briller d'un éclat ephémère
Le front tout radieux, d'un ministre influent ;
Mais pour fair pâlir l'etoile D'Angleterre,
Un soleil tout nouveau parut au firmament,
Et ce solèil du peuple Français
Admirée de l'Europe entiere :
Sur la terre, est nommé Bonaparte le Grand."

At Samer the inhabitants first began to display the white cockade ; they cheered us all the way through the town—"*Vivent les Anglais*," "*Vive le Roi*," were the general exclamations.

At Montreuil we were conducted by a guard, as soon as we entered the Barrier Gate, to the house of the commandant, who examined us very strictly. It would have been impossible for a stranger to have passed through this fortified town without being situated as we were.

As we went through Nampont some hundreds of men and women were dancing on a green in their holiday dresses : it was a *jour de fête ;* and nothing could be more interesting or exceed its rural effect. Whilst the carriages

ascended the hill, some of the party lingered behind, and quitted this *Féte Villageoise* with great reluctance. The place claims an additional interest on the feelings of the traveller, from a recollection of Sterne's pathetic tale of the Dead Ass, and poor Le Fleur's misadventure.

We were again detained near an hour at Abbeville by the commandant and municipal authorities. It was almost dark, and they drove us nearly all over the city, which is of considerable extent. The ceremony of opening and closing the barriers at its entrance, and in leaving the town, took up a longer time than accorded with our desire to get forward; but remonstrances, and repeatedly reminding them that we had dispatches of the greatest importance, had no effect. However, we had no reason to complain of incivility; on the contrary, we were treated every where with the greatest politeness and attention: and I can with great truth declare, that, much as I have travelled in France, I never met with the reverse, from any description of people whatever.

At Abbeville we turned off to go by Beauvais, which road is two posts and a half shorter than by Amiens.

We breakfasted next morning, the 10th, at Grandvilliers; here we heard the account of the King's entry into Paris on Saturday last, the 8th instant; and many of the people wore the white cockade. We met groupes of soldiers returning from the army to their homes.

At Marseilles the other cabriolet broke down, which Monsieur Quillac had assured us would travel over Europe. By the bye, Monsieur Quillac completely cheated us out of three Napoleons: we made the bargain, and in his account, just as we were driving off, he had inserted three more than the price agreed for; we had no remedy, and he took advantage of it.

A stranger should make a previous bargain for whatever he may require in France. No tradesman has a settled price; and a shopkeeper, or landlord, who has the most respectable appearance, is not to be trusted. An Englishman, who, from delicacy, omits to offer a smaller sum than that which is asked, may be certain, that he makes a present of at least one hundred per cent. to the person of whom he purchases. In every line of trade the same system is pursued. At Paris strangers should be particularly careful how they deal with the mar-

chands of the Hotel Garni. What they sell is always dear, generally out of fashion, and frequently damaged.

The Lion d'Argent, at Marseilles, kept by Mr. J. Oakshott, an Englishman, is an excellent hotel, and strangers will there meet with the greatest civility and attention; although our own countrymen abroad are not in general more merciful than others in their charges, as I experienced in my journey last year at Boulogne, at the Hotel D'Angleterre; for which reason we went to the Hotel de France, at this time, which I found infinitely better, and more reasonable.

In all the towns and villages the inhabitants were just as tranquil as at any former period; and except their frequent exclamations of loyalty and pleasure at seeing us, they appeared as indifferent as if no public affairs of moment were in agitation in their capital.

At Beauvais we sent on an avant-courier, which forwarded us exceedingly, and is a precaution never to be omitted, if travellers are pressed for time.

The country every where appeared highly cultivated: the apple and pear trees loaded with fruit; the corn ripe and fit for the sickle, except here and there a patch of green oats; and the vineyards in great forwardness. The roads are excellent, and the postilions and aubergistes constantly asking, "*quand les Anglais seront de retour?*"

We entered Paris at three o'clock in the afternoon, by the Barrier of Saint Denis; at the gate we found a party of the 29th foot, British!—and English soldiers in all directions about the streets, in their foraging dresses, just as much at their ease as if they were in country quarters in England. A few of them appeared to have partaken of the *bon vin* in the cabarets, which is not very singular where it is so cheap.

For a considerable distance, many of the trees, forming a fine avenue, which have always constituted the ornament of this entrance, and been the admiration of strangers, were felled; and many bore the mark of the axe, as if the people who were hewing them down, had been disturbed in the act. This was evidently for the purpose of laying them across the road to

impede the advance of troops; and the garden walls and houses on each side, had been perforated to form loop-holes for musketry, in rows of three and four tier deep. The road was cut across in several places, which we passed over on planks thrown across by the British soldiery. Each of these cuts was about from eighteen to twenty feet wide, and casks had been filled with earth to form a redoubt, flanked with heavy cannon, so as to make the approach in that quarter as difficult and destructive as possible. In addition to this strong defence, the water was let into the cuts from the canal *D'Ourc*, and was now flowing through with considerable rapidity. Just within the barrier, a large park of British artillery was encamped, with various other troops, composed of Germans, Belgians, &c. forming a *bivouac* along the plain almost to the entrance of Paris—the Prussian army being to the south-west of the city. Montmartre, which we passed on our left, had been planted with cannon and mortars by the French; the heights of Belle Ville and Chaillot were strongly fortified; and the whole formed a line of defence to the entrance of Paris in this direction, with which our illustrious Commander would have very judiciously avoided bringing his army in contact, had it been necessary to have attacked Paris.

The beautiful situation of the heights of Belle Ville and Chaillot, are well known as forming most picturesque approaches to this city. Belle Ville is erected on an eminence, commanding one of the finest views of Paris; the hill descending into the town, is decorated with pretty country seats, gardens and terraces: on the other side are the gardens and walks of Saint Gervais, affording the most beautiful and romantic promenades. The views are most extensive of a rich and luxuriant country, studded with villages and villas over an immense tract, in which the eye wanders until it is lost in the distance.

In passing Chaillot, which partakes of similar beauties of situation, I was equally delighted as in my visit to it last year: it is the abode of the aged, where they pass their time in sweet repose and tranquillity. The Institution for the aged and infirm here, contains more than a hundred persons of both sexes. Those above the age of seventy can by right claim an asylum there, if they have previously paid at the rate of ten pence per month, from ten to thirty years of age, one shilling and three pence from thirty to fifty, and one shilling and eight pence from fifty to seventy, or by paying up the whole sum necessary to entitle them

to admittance, which amounts to forty-five pounds sterling: this payment at the age of seventy, gives the subscriber the right of this establishment. A very interesting account of it will be found in Mr. Yorke's Letters from France in 1803.

The officer of the guard at Saint Denis, having informed us that the Duke of Wellington's head-quarters were in the Rue de Lille, Champs Elysée, we drove through the Champ de Neuilly, and entered Paris by the barrier De l'Etoile, through the triumphal arch, erected to commemorate the entrance of the Empress Maria Louisa into the capital of France, but which has never been finished. We passed through the Elysée by the side of the palace Elysée Bourbon, late the Elysée Napoleon, and but a few days since the residence of that most extraordinary man.

The Champs Elysée presented a curious scene, and singularly contrasted to what I had witnessed little more than a year since. The whole Elysée was covered with tents, horses, picketted by thousands, innumerable troops (mostly British) cavalry, infantry, and artillery; while the Place of Louis XV. as well as the Garden of the Tuilleries, was crowded with Eng-

lish and foreign officers, well dressed females, and Parisian beaux.

After Lord B——— had left his dispatches with the Duke's secretary, his Grace being out, we drove to the Hotel de Colonies in the Rue de Richelieu, where we engaged a suite of apartments for nine Napoleons per week, which would last year have let for fifty. Considering the great influx that may be expected at such an interesting period, it could not but be considered very reasonable. But there are no English here now but the military, and they are all encamped.

We dined at Hardi's, on the Boulevards Italienne, and went to the Theatre de Varietés. The house was crowded with the allied officers of England and Prussia, no Austrians or Russians having come up. We went afterwards to the Palais Royale, of which it has been truly observed, that it has not its parallel in Europe, and that it contains every thing to inform the understanding, and corrupt the heart! We took some ices at the Caffe de Mille Colonnes, where the Belle Lemonadiere still presides, in all the pride of beauty. She is much thinner than when I saw her last year, and looked very handsome. But there is something in the style

and manner of a French beauty, and of French women in general, that does not correspond with those ideas that are naturally produced in contemplating the charms of our own countrywomen: they are lively, they are easily approached, and without reserve; but they want that softness, and that "native modesty," which every Englishman feels he has left behind in the British fair.

The Belle Lemonadiere complained to me of the English having occupied the Champs Elysées as a *bivouac*. It appears to have given great offence to the Parisians.

While we sat at dinner at Hardi's, the Emperor of Russia drove by in a carriage and six, followed by five others with the same number of horses, in his entrance into Paris. He was without any escort, or guards.

I remain, Dear Sir, &c.

Paris, July 11th, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

We breakfasted this morning at the Caffé Anglais à le Fourchette, and then called on Messrs. Perregeaux and La Ffitte, the bankers in the Rue Mont Blanc; on whom all our party happened to have letters of credit. We were very civilly received by M. Clermont, one of the partners, who politely told us the office was open from ten in the morning until four in the evening, where we should find every attention paid to our wishes. Strangers visiting Paris will find it very convenient to be provided with letters and bills of exchange on this house, which Messrs. Hammersleys' provide in London, and which will always ensure them a good reception; from the great respectability of that firm, as well as the extensive correspondence which those gentlemen have on the Continent, beyond all other banking-houses in London.

We went to see the Arch of Triumph, which stands facing the palace of the Tuilleries. Louis XVIII. is again in possession of the latter building, the centre of which is con-

structed of brown and reddish marble, but time has so altered the colour as to render it indistinguishable from the rest of that splendid edifice. On each side of the grand entrance are niches, filled with forty-two busts, representing the great men of antiquity, intermixed with those of modern times. The space in front of the Carouzel is divided by an iron railing, which runs quite across the square; this railing has three openings, or gateways, in the middle of which stands the arch, placed there by Napoleon to commemorate the victories and glory of the grand army: it is forty-five feet in height, sixty square, and twenty-five feet six inches in thickness, constructed in imitation of the Arch of Septimus Severus, at Rome. It has three arches, and is supported by eight columns of Languedoc marble, of the Corinthian order; at the top of each there is a statue; the whole supporting the pedestal, on which is placed the triumphal car, to which are attached the Corinthian horses, brought from Venice. On each side the car is a colossal figure, representing Peace and Victory. The whole of these figures are gilt. In the centre of the tablet that decorates the arch in the middle, is the figure of Napoleon in the imperial robes, crowned by Victory; and on each side the tablets are bas-reliefs, commemorative of the

memorable actions fought in the campaign of 1805: the one to the left of the observer, on the side of the Carouzel, represents the capitulation before Ulm, at the top of which is a cuirassier and a dragoon; on the right hand, on the same side, is represented the victory of Austerlitz, the statues at the top are a chasseur and a carabinier. In turning to the right, on the side of the Tuilleries, the entrance of the French into Vienna is represented in bas-relief. The bas-relief to the left, opposite the palace, represents the King of Bavaria returning to his capital, conducted by Napoleon; the statues under this are a grenadier of the line, and a carabinier of the line. On the right is the Emperor of Austria at the *bivouac* of Napoleon; the two statues above represent, in bas-relief, a cannonier of the line and a sapeur. The bas-relief opposite the gateway, leading to the river Seine, is a representation of the Peace of Presburg.——France is seen in all parts of this arch as victorious, and figures with garlands, wreaths of laurel, &c., are crowning the Emperor. The victorious generals, troops, military armour, and trophies of various sorts, surround the whole; and certainly no object can be more striking and beautiful than the one I have attempted to describe.

Waiting here to see the Marshals enter the palace of the Tuilleries, in May, 1814, there arrived a groupe of about thirty women, *poissards*, dressed in the most taudry manner, with large gold ear-rings, and necklaces, headed by one of the most savage-looking creatures I ever beheld; they were admitted into the hall, and I understood had an audience of the King, whom they came to congratulate. From the age and appearance of the women, they were in all probability among the number of those wretches who, with a ferocity unusual in their sex, contributed so materially to dethrone his unhappy brother. When I associated this circumstance with the horrors that were committed on the spot where I stood, it made me shudder, and damped the emotion which naturally arose from contemplating the rest of the interesting scene.

The whole front of the palace is still marked with the cannon shot, to which it was exposed at the time of the murder of the Swiss Guards, who nobly perished in the cause of their monarch, on the 10th of August, 1792. It was at midnight that all Paris was alarmed by the sound of the tocsin and the beating of the *generale*, when the mob entered this place, and Louis XVI. and his family fled for shelter to the National Assembly, then sitting. On

the spot I now trod, twelve thousand of the Swiss Guards were massacred, besides a considerable number of the King's adherents. On the 13th, the King and his family were conducted to the Tower of the Temple.

This devoted country has bled at every pore, and appears a vast mourning family: three people out of five that one meets are habited in black; and it is impossible for a contemplative mind to banish from his recollection the sufferings it has undergone, even amidst the smiling scenes of luxury and voluptuousness which pervades the gay capital.

The other side of the square of the Louvre is not yet completed; when it is, it will form the most magnificent palace in Europe.

The palace of the Tuilleries, towards the gardens, is very grand, supported by pillars of marble, and decorated with eighteen marble statues dressed in the Roman toga. On each side of the gateway leading into the gardens, are two lions, with the statues of Mars and Minerva.

These beautiful gardens were laid out by the celebrated Le Nostre. The terraces on the side of the Rue de Rivoli, and along the River

Seine, are of an amazing extent. The delightful shaded walks, the numberless statues, executed by the most celebrated artists, the fountains and basins, and, in fact, the whole is like a fairy scene.

From the centre of these beautiful gardens there is a fine view of the Chemin de Neuilly, at the end of which is placed the unfinished Arch of L'Etoile; from this spot is seen the Place de Vendome, with its superb column; the Place de la Concorde, formerly Place de la Revolution, now Louis XV.; and the Champs Elysée. The beautiful plantations, walks, and alleys of the latter place appearing to belong to the Tuilleries, and giving it the appearance of great extent, are now one vast camp!

At the end of the terrace and at the extremity of the Orangerie, are four statues in bronze, Hercules, Venus de Medicis, the Laocoon, and the Dying Gladiator; which are considered very fine imitations of the originals, now in the Galerie des Antiques in the Louvre.

We returned through the Place Louis XV. Here it will be remembered, on the 21st of January, 1793, Louis XVI. at the age of thirty-eight, suffered death. He heard with tran-

quillity the sentence pronounced against him the day preceding; a mournful silence was said to have pervaded all Paris, all the shops and places of amusement were shut, and six thousand emigrants were arrested the day following by a decree for domiciliary visits. Three hundred and ten members voted for the respite of the execution, and three hundred and fifty for immediate execution; among the latter was Fouché, a minister of Louis XVIII! On the 16th of October, the same year, Maria Antoinette of Austria, the Queen of France, was carried from the dungeon in the prison of the Conciergerie, (where she had been confined since the King's death,) in a tumbril, with her back to the horses' tail, and her hands tied behind her, to this place, where she was guillotined. The regicides, by a refinement of cruelty, purposely placed the scaffold in the centre of the square, from whence the unhappy monarch and his queen had a distinct view of their palace and gardens, the Palace of the Garde Meuble, the Palais Bourbon, and every object that could remind them of their fallen fortunes.

We dined at Hardi's, and in the evening went to the French Opera, in the Rue Richelieu, lately called Academie Imperiale de

Musique; the scenery of which is magnificent, and the music and dancing excellent. Mademoiselle Goslin still takes the lead amongst the *corps de ballet*. The opera was Castor and Pollux, and couplets were sung in honour of the King's return, joined by the audience; which had a very interesting and pleasing effect.

The following were composed for the occasion by one of the actors:

" Le Ciel infin a pitiè de la France
Et la présence d'un Bourbon
A dans nos cœur rameneé l'espérance
Et le beau temps sur l' horison
Des noir autans la troupe meurtrière,
A son esprit semble se desperer:
C'est l'arc en-ciel annoncent à la terre
Que l'orage vient de passer."

On a similar occasion in May, 1814, I heard the following at this theatre:

" Ton retoúr, O Louis, nous comble d'allegresse,
Vois ton peuple heureux qui te finesse,
Avide et satisfait de contempler les traits
Sur les honneurs qu'on te defere,
Les étrangers et tes sujets
N'ont qu' une voix, et dans ce jour prospére
Tout les cœurs deviennent Français."

In the evening, after the opera, we went to the famous Ice Caffé on the Boulevards Ita-

lienne Tortonais. The benches and chairs were crowded with ladies, and multitudes of people of the better class of inhabitants; as they are constantly during the summer evenings. The Boulevards surround the greater part of the city of Paris, and are planted on each side with double rows of trees, which afford an agreeable shade. This street runs through the centre, and is one of the widest in Paris. In the shops are to be purchased every thing that is either useful or curious. The most brilliant coffee-houses and restaurateurs are every where seen, filled generally with the best company. At the end of the Rue Richelieu, are the Gardens of Frescati, and the Pavilion D'Hanovre; but they are not now open for the public. Tivoli are the most frequented, on Thursdays and Sundays. The Chinese baths, opposite Tortonais, are fitted up in the most agreeable manner; they resemble the Chinese ornament and style of architecture very much, and have a curious effect, contrasted with the buildings adjoining it. The French say, in describing this quarter of the city, "*On y voit la beauté tendré de pièges à la richesse voluptueuse, les elégans y etaler les modes nouvelles, les femmes y montrér leurs grâces et leur parure, et nonchalamment assises, s'y reposer, non de fatigues de leur journeé, mais prendre de nouvelles force pour prolonger leur jouissances.*"

I remain, Dear Sir, &c.

Paris, July 12th, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

We again visited the Carouzel and garden of the Tuilleries, having heard that the allied sovereigns intended visiting the King. In the palace of the Tuilleries we saw the Cent Swiss, drawn up with the National Guard, to receive the Emperors of Austria and Russia and the King of Prussia, who were accompanied by Prince Blucher, and a large *cortége* of the Etat Major. They were returning the King's (Louis the XVIIIth,) visit to them, and the sight was very gratifying. The Cent Swiss, (*the hundred Swiss*,) wear blue uniforms faced with red, and gold epaulets on each shoulder, with grenadier caps. These faithful guards accompanied the King when driven from his throne, and are now constantly about his person.

We were informed by a person who had been to court, that Buonaparte has been stopped at Rochefort, and is blockaded by two English frigates. The French army under Soult and Suchet are in considerable force, accompanied by Carnot. The Parisians affect to hold the name of Buonaparte in great con-

tempt. They say he is quite out of fashion since he lost the last battle and fled from his army. They appear to have turned from him completely. The other three Directors are said to be in Paris; and Fouché, Duke of Otranto, has the *port-feuille* of Minister of Police. He is said to have secretly intrigued with the allies, and had considerable influence in procuring and hastening the late abdication of Napoleon. He has accordingly been rewarded, by obtaining permission to resume his former office.

As the allied sovereigns returned, I observed that the attention of the people seemed principally directed to the Emperor Alexander: little or no notice seemed to be paid to the others. "*Vive Alexandre!*" was the only applause I heard. His Imperial Majesty occupies the palace of the Elysée Bourbon, lately L'Elysée Napoleon, in which he resided last year: it had then, as now, not long been quitted by Buonaparte, and was always his favourite residence when in Paris. The Emperor of Austria lives in the palace of the Prince Berthier, whose death, it is now perfectly well ascertained, was not occasioned by accident; but he was literally thrown out of a window by two Russian officers, and killed on the spot. The

King of Prussia resides in the Fauxbourg St. Germain; the British Minister, Lord Castlereagh, has the palace of the Prince Borghese; and our illustrious hero, the Duke of Wellington, a large hotel in the Rue de Lille.

A curious circumstance, and one of a very interesting nature, occurred yesterday. The Prussians, by order, it is said of Prince Blucher, proceeded to mine and blow up the beautiful bridge of Jena. This bridge is opposite the Champ Mars, and they had actually succeeded in destroying one of the abutments, when (as the story is told) the King, (Louis XVIII.,) sent to the Duke of W———, who immediately planted some English soldiers on it, and good humouredly said to the Prussian officer, "that if they destroyed the bridge, they would blow up their allies with it. The best way would be to displace the eagles, and put an inscription to record their triumph." This was the only means which could perhaps have saved it; for nothing can equal the good understanding that exists between the Prussians and the English, and especially between those great heroes, the Prince and the Duke. Old B—— is said to have replied, "The French promised him, when last at Paris, that they would discontinue the name of Jena; but they had still

continued to call it by a name intended to commemorate a victory gained over the Prussians; and that having twice entered Paris in triumph, he was resolved to leave a convincing proof of his having revenged his country's cause, by blowing it into the air."—The safety of this bridge has been falsely attributed by the Parisians to the Emperor of Russia, to whom they are paying the greatest court; but every one knows it was not so.

As we returned through the Carouzel, we could not but remark the extraordinary change that had taken place in the occupation of a place immediately fronting the royal residence, and the constant scene of Buonaparte's military parade. A corps of Prussian lancers, who had for some days past established their *bivouac* here, were planted close in front to the Arch of Triumph, erected to "commemorate the glory of the French grand army!"

The Prussians are also *bivouacked* in the beautiful gardens of the Luxembourg, and the Jardin des Plants: the main body is in the south-western suburbs of Paris, and the neighbouring villages. The British chiefly in the Bois de Boulogne, Champs Elysée, and Montmartre; thus Paris is literally a British and

Prussian garrison. And although no doubt can be entertained that the allies are in military possession of France, yet the castle of Vincennes, within a short distance from the suburbs of Paris, is blockaded, and the commandant refuses to surrender it. Soult is in great force on the Loire, collecting daily the scattered forces of the French army. The inhabitants have all been obliged to fly for protection into Paris, from the surrounding neighbourhood: still, notwithstanding the unsettled state and aspect of affairs, the Parisians are as gay, and as eager in pursuit of amusements and pleasure, as if it was a period of the most profound tranquillity! Strange and inconsistent people!

The only precaution that appears to be taken to ensure the safety of the capital, is by strong military patroles. Cannon are planted on the bridges in some places, and the gardens of the Palais Royale are ordered to be closed at eight every evening, in consequence, it is rumoured, of some revolutionary and seditious movements having been discovered amongst the Federés.

I remain, Dear Sir, &c.

Paris, July 13th, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

WHILE we were at breakfast this morning, a brigade of horse artillery of the British army marched past through the Boulevards. It was a gratifying sight to us to witness the English troops thus moving through the centre of Paris, the boasted "mistress of the world," with as much ease as they would through London,—and as conquerors too! The French cannot, they do not now attempt openly to deny the humiliating nature of this *fact*.

I have heard, from good authority, that peace is to be made between the allies and France on the basis of the treaty of Paris; and accounts were this day received that the Russian army will halt to-morrow at a distance of about forty miles from hence.—The Austrians are not to advance from the south. If this be true, of which from all appearances I have my doubts, it is ardently to be hoped the allies will not leave the country in the same way they did last year; and yet every where one hears that the King is conciliating the very people who intrigued to drive him from his throne. Our government

ought to influence the pending negotiations, and leave less to those powers who have certainly little right to preponderate now, or our illustrious hero and his brave army have fought and bled in vain.

It is well known, that among those who had a great share in the conspiracy which occasioned the return of Napoleon, was the Duchess of St. Leu, the wife of his brother Louis, who through her artifices was permitted to bear that title, and continue in the receipt of a large revenue by Louis the XVIIIth. This revenue she employed, and even converted her jewels into money, for the purpose of forming those treasonable projects, which have since occasioned the melancholy and disastrous scenes that have occurred, and the loss of thousands of brave men. Her residence at Malmaison was the spot where the whole plot was laid, and executed. This woman, and Madame Mere, and Louis, are said to be at Paris at this moment.

When I was last at Paris it was the universal remark, that a certain great personage, the E—— ———, paid her constant visits. One of his suite, when waiting for his master's ar-

rival at Calais, on his way to England, said in my hearing, that great fears were entertained by them of her influence over the E———. It was notorious what her conduct had been with Napoleon before she married his brother ; and her influence, no doubt, was one of the unfortunate consequences of that mistaken magnanimity which forgave this guilty city, and before they allowed themselves to have been a conquered people. This false humanity certainly afforded the French a pretence for boasting that the allied troops did not enter Paris in 1814 as conquerors. These mistaken views threw the King into the power of the Buonapartists, and of the republicans, and obliged him to shelter himself, and collect around his throne those very criminals who had been intriguing to prevent the return of himself and his family, which compelled him to appear ungrateful in disregarding the claims and sufferings of his faithful followers, who had sacrificed so much for their attachment to him. It is therefore very evident, that without an entirely new army, and a new set of men to guide his councils, he can neither be safe in his government, nor expect to have permanent tranquillity or even security restored to France and to Europe. Qualify it which way they will,

Louis is in the hands of the republican party, and he has no other security than the presence of the allies.

We dined at Veres in the Tuilleries, where we had an excellent dinner and wines, but extravagantly dear: one small dish, consisting of three cutlets, "*à la supreme de volaile aux truffes*," was charged at ten francs. It certainly is a delicious dish; but the sum of eight shillings and four-pence, for scarcely three mouthsfull, was a price I could not have conceived. The other restaurateurs appear to retain the same prices as they did when I visited Paris in 1814; but I am fully convinced that, with the exchange, impositions which are constantly practised on strangers, &c. it is full as expensive a place as London.

In the evening we walked in the garden of the Tuilleries, where some thousands of people were assembled; and it was a pleasing as well as an affecting sight, to hear the cheers and acclamations which were uttered at the sight of Louis the XVIIIth, who repeatedly gratified them by placing himself at one of the windows; on each side of him were the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia. Their Majesties had

been to dine with Louis, and both of them appeared pleased at the enthusiasm with which they were greeted. And yet, when the population of the city of Paris is considered, there were very few people present on an occasion which, it would have been thought, would have drawn forth the inhabitants from all quarters of the metropolis.

The King is, no doubt, secure enough, surrounded as he is by his faithful followers, and protected by the allied armies; but their presence is necessary to his safety; and most of the fortified places hold out against him, even within four miles and a half from Paris. The castle of Vincennes is not more than that distance, and defies the power of the monarch whom it is believed regains his sceptre by the free choice and wishes of the people!—Why is it not attacked, and an example, terrible in its nature, made of those who adhere to the faction, who would still continue to make this unhappy country bleed at every pore? From the moment our brave troops have succeeded, by the waste of so much blood, in restoring him to his capital, the monarch seems to be paralyzed. If he does not act with vigour, with promptness, and severity where it is

necessary to punish, we shall have the same bloody farce acted over again, and Europe once more desolated by war.

In one of the moats of the castle of Vincennes the Duke D'Enghien was murdered. That circumstance, of itself, ought to rouse the feelings of the court; and the murderer of that Prince, who is said to be at Paris at this moment, ought to be dragged forth without a moment's delay—*nous verrons*—

The castle of Vincennes is commanded by General Daumesnil; it is very strongly fortified, and is said to contain an immense treasure, and a vast quantity of arms. A part of the Prussian army now blockade it.

One of the National Guard of Paris, a very respectable shopkeeper in the Rue de Richelieu, who was himself in the battle, informed me, that three days before the arrival of the Allied Army before Paris, the Fédérés attacked the National Guard in the streets: the Fédérés were fifteen thousand; but the others were superior in numbers, and after a sanguinary battle, they drove them back. In the Rue Richelieu many of them were killed, and it is supposed the Fédérés lost a great number of

men. Most of the National Guard, composed of the respectable citizens, are in favour of the King, and continue to do the duty of the city. The former are now quiet, but not to be trusted.

We went afterwards to the Theatre Français; the house was crowded to an excess. The play was "*La Fausse Confidence*," and the "*Partie de Chasse de Henri Quatre.*" When the air of *Vive Henri* was played, the audience joined and stood up. The following are the words of this popular air:—

" Pour un peuple aimable et sensible
Le premier bien c'est un bon Roi;
A son amour tout est possible,
Le sentiment devient sa loi
L'ame satisfaite
Se choisit un refrein chéri,
Le cœur le chante, et le France repête,
Vive Henri, Vive Henri.

Un Guerrier sous un coup funeste,
Se voyoit descendu au tombeau
Le peu de forces qui lui reste
Lui sert à sauver son drapeau;
Son ame satisfaite
Se souvient du refrein cheri,
Et sans se plaindre en mourant il repête,
Vive Henri, Vive Henri.

Des bras de la plus tendre mére
Un fils s'arrache et vole au camp;
La nature alors fait se taire,
L'ame satisfaite
Se souvient du refrein cheri
Il la console, et faire elle repète
Vive Henri, Vive Henri."

At the words, "*Vive Henri IV.*"—"*Vive ce Roi vaillant,*" the house thundered with applauses; and when one of the actors repeated the passage in the scene between Henry and Sully, where the king says, "*Dans ce siècle affreux, dans ce siècle de troubles, de conspirations de trahisons, ou j'ai vu, où j'ai èprouvè les plus noires perfides de la part de ceux que j'avois traitès comme mes meilleurs amis, où j'ai ètè le jouet et la victime de la scélératesse de leur complots, tu me pardonnera bien mon cher ami, ces petites èchappées de défiance,*" the house joined in bursts of indignation. It is at the theatres where the public opinion is best discovered; and if one may judge from what we hear there, no people can be more loyal than the Parisians.

The house was so very hot, that we quitted it early, and spent the rest of the evening in the Palais Royale—we amused ourselves by looking on at the gaming-tables, where the same ceremony is still observed, of taking the

hat and stick of those who enter the rooms, and which are always carefully returned. The play did not appear to be high; nothing was put down but silver, although the gold lay on the table in abundance; and I particularly remarked this difference, from last year, that not a single female was present, whereas, when I was there before, there appeared to be as many women as men.

I remain, Dear Sir,
Yours, &c.

Paris, July 14th, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

AFTER breakfast we drove out to the Bois de Boulogne, through the Porte de Neuilly, and along the Champs Elysées. The village of Boulogne is distant five miles from Paris, and the ride is a very agreeable one. This wood, which was formerly a large forest, has been considerably reduced. The fine timber which once adorned it was mostly cut down during the revolution; but the rides through it are delightful, and the roads good. Here our Guards are encamped, besides a considerable body of the British army. Their line extends close up to the Champ de Neuilly. There is a strong guard at the lodge of the Arc de l'Etoile, and pieces of cannon are planted, which command the whole avenue leading to the square of Louis XV., lately the Place de la Concorde.

An ordonnance has been issued by Louis the XVIIIth to restore all the ancient names to the bridges, squares, &c. Thus, the Pont de la Concorde, or Pont de la Revolution, has now become Pont Louis XV.; the Pont d'Auster-

litz is now Pont Royal; and the Pont de Jena, Pont des Invalides. On the Pont Neuf, which is one of the most ancient in Paris, erected in the time of Henry the IVth, and formerly esteemed by the French as one of their handsomest bridges, has been placed the statue of Henry Quatre, on horseback. An obelisk one hundred and eighty feet high stood there after the destruction of the original one during the revolution, on the dreadful day of the 11th of August, 1793; and the present statue is to be replaced by a colossal one of bronze. Since the return of Louis the XVIIIth, within these few days, the following lines from Voltaire have been put on the pedestal, with a fleur-de-lis under them. The present statue was fixed there but a very short time before Louis was driven from his throne.—

> "Tout perissait enfin
> Lorsque Bourbon parut."
>
> VOLT. *Hen.*

On our return we visited the Hotel des Invalides.—In the Place des Invalides there is an encampment of Prussian cavalry, and there is likewise one in the Champ de Mars, and all the neighbourhood is filled with troops of the allied armies. On the fine esplanade, in front,

are tents, horses picquetted, cannon, and every sort of warlike equipage! The noble fountain in the centre was crowded with soldiers, and dragoons watering their horses. The beautiful lion of bronze, which stands on the pedestal from whence the water flows, was taken from the square of Saint Mark, at Venice, by Buonaparte.

I perceived no change in the interior of the Invalids.* The person who shewed us the

* This superb pile of building, which I visited in May, 1814, and which I shall now describe to you as it was then circumstanced, stands in the midst of a vast esplanade, surrounded with fine walks and gardens. There are apartments for six thousand men. It has five courts, one within the other, with open colonades. At the grand entrance on the façade, are the colossal statues of Mars and Minerva. In the centre is a fine bas-relief representing Justice and Prudence; and on the four quarters are figures representing the conquests of Louis XIV. The dinner hall is filled with paintings of the different battles in the reign of Louis XIV.

Over the church is a magnificent dome, gilt, which has a grand and striking effect, from whatever part of Paris it is seen. The inside presents a mixture of religious and military decorations. The sword of the great Frederick of Prussia was suspended there, with other military trophies; but on the entrance of the allies into Paris, Blucher claimed it, and sent it to Berlin, from whence it had been taken by Buonaparte. It was removed by that gallant veteran. The

building said there were between four and five thousand wounded soldiers lately brought in

different flags which had decorated the hall had been previously burnt, it was said, by the Invalids, to prevent their falling into the enemies' hands.

The monument of the great Marshal Turenne is on the right hand. It was removed by Napoleon's orders from the cathedral of Saint Denis, and placed where it now is. Turenne is represented expiring in the arms of Victory; and in bas-relief is the battle of Turkeim, where he fell. It is reckoned a fine piece of sculpture, as is that of the celebrated Marshal Vauban, which is on the opposite side.

In one of the chapels, that of Saint Augustine, we saw the bodies of Marshal Duroc, Bessieres, and General L'Aboissiere, who were killed in the late campaign, lying in state. The coffins were covered with superbly embroidered palls of black velvet; the arms of the deceased also embroidered with the imperial eagles in silver. The chapel was hung with black velvet, and wax candles burning by the bodies.

The French Princes were coming out as we entered; they had been to review the Invalids, who were all dressed in their best uniforms on the occasion, and I perceived that most of them wore the white cockade. They had been called by Napoleon to serve, and would have been compelled, no doubt, to quit this peaceful retreat had the war continued.

The whole building is very fine, and of vast extent, commanding fine prospects of the neighbouring country, and kept in excellent order.

Grenadier of the Imperial Guard.

there, from the effects of the Prussian army having been compelled to fight their way almost into Paris. The British troops were never engaged after the taking of Perronne.

We found the Ecole Militaire locked up; a Prussian guard was in the adjoining building. Buonaparte's Imperial Guard had occupied it but a short time since:—it was their head-quarters.*

In the large plain before it, called the Champ de Mars, and very recently the Champ de Mai, the scaffolding still remains which was erected for the ceremony that took place of Buonaparte's acceptance of the constitution, with all the pride and pomp of military glory, surrounded by those troops which have been sacrificed to his insatiable ambition. On this vast piece of ground we observed Prussian cavalry manœuvring, and between the double avenues of trees, which extend from the front of the Ecole Militaire to the bank of the river

* This edifice was erected by Louis the XVth., for the education of the sons of officers who had fallen in the service of their country. At the entrance are four statues of marble, of the great Condé, Turenne, Marechal de Saxe, and Luxembourg.

Seine, were horses picquetted, and troops of the line performing military evolutions.

We next visited the Palais Bourbon, recently styled Palais du Corps Legislatif. We entered it through the Rue de l'Université, but the beautiful front faces the bridge of the Pont Louis XV., which commands a fine view of the river Seine, the palace of the Tuilleries, and the Elysian Fields.—The Count d'Artois has now made this his residence.

This palace was built by Madame de Condé, in 1722, but has undergone great alterations under the late government. The grand entrance is by a superb flight of steps. The façade is in the form of a triumphal arch, of the Corinthian order. It has twelve Corinthian columns of marble, surmounted by a triangular front, with a representation in bas-relief of Napoleon on horseback at the battle of Marengo. On each side or wings of these buildings, which are dedicated to Victory and to Peace, are similar bas-reliefs of his different battles and conquests; and at either side are the statues of Sully, Colbert, L'Hopital, and D'Agueseau. At the foot of the steps are two colossal statues—one representing Minerva, and the other France.

In the Sale de Seances,—the hall of the Legislative Assembly, where only eight days since the members were debating, forms half an oval. Before the tribune are two figures in bas-relief, History and Renown. In the niches, placed to the right and left of the President's chair, are six statues, of Demosthenes, Brutus, Cato, Lycurgus, Solon, and Cicero. In the centre of the hall there was a statue of Napoleon on foot, which has been removed. In the adjoining hall, formerly the Pavilion Valois, is a fine painting of Buonaparte at the battle of Marengo. There is also a beautiful painting in the saloon, of Hero discovering the body of Leander on the sea shore, by Taillasson. The expression and attitude of Hero,—her countenance marked by the deepest grief at the death of her lover, makes it, in my opinion, the finest picture I have seen of the French school. It had just been returned from the manufactory of the Gobelins, where it had been copied by order of Buonaparte. The tower is seen in the distance, and the torch blazing; as the poet says—

> "Still as the setting sun restores the night,
> (The night to me more welcome than the light,)
> I fix my flaming torch to guide my love,
> Nor shines there any friendlier star above."

All the other pictures, representing Buonaparte's celebrated battles, with his picture and that of the Empress Maria Louisa, have been removed since I last visited this place. As I sat on the chair, richly embroidered in gold, in which he had lately addressed the Legislative Body, it was impossible not to reflect on the mutability of this extraordinary man's fortune. One almost wishes to forget the vastness of his crimes and atrocities, when contemplating the greatness of his exploits, and the wonderful efforts he has made to preserve his power.

I have been informed by an officer of the staff, who had two horses shot under him in the action of the 18th of June, as well as by others who had opportunities of observing the fact, that Buonaparte was seen during the whole battle in the hottest of the fire; and that he charged repeatedly at the head of the Old Guard.

We returned along the quay, opposite the Tuilleries and the Louvre, across the Pont-Neuf, passing the Palace of the Legion of Honour, into which we could not gain admission, it being no longer open now for the inspection of strangers. It is called the *Hotel*

de la Chancellerie de la Legion d'Honneur; and appears a fine building in the Rue de Lille, facing the River Seine; the columns, which form a beautiful entrance, are of the Ionic order of architecture. The saloon, which is in the form of a rotunda with a cupola, is said to contain statues of the deceased members of the Legion of Honour, and some fine paintings, descriptive of the order. The following were the distinctions made by its founder:

The cross of the Legion with the letter G.—*Grand Officer.*
.....C.—*Commandant.*
.....O.—*Officer.*
Plain cross with an eagle..... ...*Légionnaire.*

Motto—*Honneur et Patrie.*

In the afternoon we went to Tivoli, Rue de Clichy. This is the most beautiful public garden in Paris. The price of admission was three francs, fifteen sous, on account of the fire works, which exceeded any thing I had either witnessed or imagined; the music and singing were excellent, and some rope-dancing concluded the evening. These gardens are very tastefully laid out, with shady walks and pavilions; a profusion of sweet-scented flowers exhale a delightful fragrance, and throughout the whole are interspersed statues and lamps;

making it, according to the Parisian expression, a Little Elysium. Waltzes and cotillions were danced by private individuals with the elegance and taste peculiar to French females. The company was not very numerous, on account of the evening having been previously rainy, but it appeared of a better class; and there were several English and Prussian officers, who are to be seen in great numbers at all the public places.

I remain,
Dear Sir, &c.

Paris, July 15th, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

WHILST we were at breakfast this morning at the Caffé Riché, on the Boulevard, which we found a very excellent one, (and the same may be said of most of them in that quarter,) a body of Hungarian Croats marched through the Boulevard, with a fine band of music, and a party of Cossacks of the guard, who as we supposed are attached to the Emperor's person.

Lord B——— and myself hired a cabriolet for the day, for which we paid sixteen francs, (13s. 4d.) with an agreement that it should take us to the Opera.

We drove first to the Hotel de Ville, on the Place de Grève; the latter place is but too celebrated for the bloody scenes which passed there during the Revolution, and is still the place of public execution. The apartments of the Hotel de Ville are spacious, especially the Grand Salle, which is lined with red velvet, studded with bees, the emblem assumed by Buonaparte; and which the *commissionaire* in-

formed us, were about to be removed and replaced by the *fleur de lis*. At one end is a fine painting of Louis XVI.; it had been concealed by some loyal person, and only put up within a few days. At the great entrance, over the gateway, is a colossal statue of bronze in relief, of Henry IV. on horseback. His statue, which had been taken down during the Revolution, and preserved from the fury of the republicans, we found in the colonnade; it is to be placed in the square of the hotel.

I asked to see the guillotine, which had destroyed such myriads of people on this spot; but it had been removed, and a reference was given to that celebrated personage, Monsieur Samson, the public executioner, who keeps it in his custody. As a specimen how to find people in this city, I copy the direction given me: "Rue Saint Nicholas, Rue de Fauxbourg Saint Martin, Fauxbourg de Saint Denis." We did not think it worth our while to undertake finding him out.

When the unfortunate King, Louis XVI. was brought from Versailles, he was compelled by the ferocious mob to exhibit himself for some hours from one of the windows of this hotel, exposed to the insults of the populace

assembled in the Place de Grève. Here too, that monster, Robespierre, who caused such streams of blood to flow, fled himself, after he was proscribed, bleeding and lacerated with wounds; and was from hence dragged to the place of execution. The lamp-iron, which the old coachman pointed out to me last year, on which thousands were hanged by the mob, is still remaining. It is impossible not to view this spot without sensations of horror and disgust.

Our next visit was to the Church of Notre Dame, or the Church of our Lady.* I found

* May, 1814. The church of Notre Dame, the metropolitan church, is deemed the finest in the country. It abounds in images and paintings, and was hung round with beautiful Gobelins tapestry, wrought in the reign of Louis XIV. representing his victorious sieges and battles; it is in a high state of preservation, having been hid during the Revolution, and only brought out on the return of Louis XVIII. to his dominions.

The fine pieces of stained glass in this church, which are ornamented with the fleur de lis, and other insignia of the Bourbon family, were ordered to be destroyed during the Revolution; they were, however, only daubed over with paint or varnish, which has now been removed, and the stained glass is as beautiful as ever. This church was the first place Louis XVIII. entered on his arrival at Paris. Every possible art had been used to decorate it as magnifi-

every thing in the same state in which I had seen it before, except, that the tapestry hangings which had decorated its walls at the time Louis XVIII. first entered Paris, were taken down at the time he fled from it, and had not been replaced. The chapels and beautiful monuments which had been destroyed during the Revolution, were undergoing repairs by the King's orders at the period of Buonaparte's return. The choir is very beautiful, and has been considerably embellished by presents from Napoleon and Maria Louisa. It was during the Revolution converted into a depôt for wine; and the exquisite Scripture

cently as possible: and in this state we found it. Le Sacristie de St. Basilique, which the *commissionaire* shewed us, and which he informed us was only now permitted to be shewn to foreigners, according to his account, contains the crown of thorns, and a piece of the *real* cross of our Saviour; these relics are preserved with pious care in boxes of gold. In the same place are deposited the crown, sword, and gold spurs of the Emperor Charlemagne; the Imperial regalia, used at the coronation of Napoleon, consisting of the crown, sceptre, and globe; likewise, the sword of state, and crown, made for the intended coronation of Maria Louisa, which never took place. The coronation robes of Buonaparte and Maria Louisa are of purple velvet, lined with ermine, and were covered with bees embroidered in gold, and the bordering beautifully and richly executed in the same way by the people at Lyons.

pieces in relief on the pannels were twice put up to sale, but fortunately no purchasers could be found for them. The superb altar-piece of white marble and porphyry, of our Saviour at the Foot of the Cross, was luckily removed in time, and secreted in the vaults from the hands of those wretches who were destroying every thing they could seize in the name of liberty and equality.

From Notre Dame we drove to the Pantheon—the *Basilique de la Nouvelle Sainte Genevieve, où le Pantheon Français.*

The National Assembly designed this superb pile of building, which has been erected on the spot where the Church of Saint Genevieve formerly stood, to receive the ashes of the celebrated men of France, and named it the Pantheon.

The form of this magnificent edifice is that of a Greek cross. The entrance is ornamented by twenty-two columns of the Corinthian order, supporting the façade of the portico, which is decorated with bas-reliefs, under which is the following inscription :

AUX GRANDS HOMMES, LA PATRIE RECONOISSANTE.—

"A Grateful Country dedicates this Building to her Great Men."

The whole building is vaulted; the dome is extremely fine. It is not yet completed, but the masons are going on with their work, and when finished, it will be a magnificent structure. It is one of those places which one revisits with pleasure.

At the grand entrance I perceived the letters which must have been placed there by the revolutionists, and which having been at the time of the consulate only slightly washed over with stone-colour composition, are now *perfectly distinct.* It is not a little curious that they should have either escaped observation so long, or that they should at such a period be suffered to remain. Be this as it may, I did not perceive them when I visited this place in 1814. The words are as follow, immediately under the inscription already quoted, over the great door between the columns:—

UNITÉ . INDIVISIBILITÉ . REPUBLIQUE .
LIBERTÉ . EGALITÉ . FRATERNITÉ.
DROIT DE L'HOMME.

The statue of General Le Clerc, Buonaparte's brother-in-law, and that of Marshal Lannes, had both been taken down since I was last here. That of Le Clerc, who commanded the army of St. Domingo, and who died there, was standing in a corner. These were the only two statues that had been erected previous to the restoration of Louis XVIII.

Descending to the vaults, where are deposited the remains of forty-three generals, senators, &c. we visited the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau. The marble statue of the former stands in a niche, opposite the sarcophagus which contains his remains, and which were removed by the National Convention from the place of his interment. On one side of the sarcophagus are these words:

"Aux manes de Voltaire, l'Assemblée Nationale à dècretè le 30 Mai 1791, qu'il avoit merité les honneurs dû aux grands hommes."

On the opposite side of the sarcophagus:

"Poëte, Historien, Philosophe, il aggrandit l'esprit humain. Il combattit les Athées et les fanatiques; il inspira la Tolérance, il reclama les Droits de l'Hommes, contre la servitude de la feodalité, il defendit Calas servant de la Barre et Monballie."

Rousseau's tomb is a plain sarcophagus,

with the words, "*Ici repose l'Homme de la Nature et de la Vérité :*"—"Here reposes the man of Nature and of Truth." Nothing can be more simple or more descriptive.

His hand appears from a door, at one end of the sarcophagus, holding a torch, as an allegorical allusion,—that, although dead, he still continues to illumine the universe by his writings.*

* May, 1814. On the road from Saint Denis we passed on an eminence the small town of Montmorenci, surrounded by an enchanting country. The hermitage of J. J. Rousseau, with the dwelling-house and beautiful garden, lately belonged to Comte Aldini, Secretary of State for the kingdom of Italy. In this delightful retreat Rousseau composed his Nouvelle Heloise—

> "The world affords not such a charming scene
> Of gently waving trees, and hedge-rows green."

"Ermenonville, where J. Jacques Rousseau retired to end his days," observes Dr. Smith, in his Tour, "ought not to be neglected by any traveller." Here it was that on the Isle of Poplars reposed the remains of Rousseau. His tomb, formed of white marble, was embosomed in a grove of those trees. On one side was inscribed "L'Homme de la Nature et de la Vérité." It was the express desire of Rousseau to be buried in this garden, then belonging to the Marquis de Gerandin. His remains were removed during the Revolution to the Pantheon.

The gardens of Ermenonville are distant about eight

In one of the vaults is a sarcophagus of Marshal Lannes, Duke of Montebello, who was killed at the battle of Esling; also of Duroc, the Marshal of the palace, and General L'Aboissiere, who fell in action, and who were lying in state with the Duke of Montebello, at the Hospital of the Invalids, in May, 1814, where I saw them, as already described.

We went from the Pantheon to the Palace of the Luxembourg,—*Palais du Senat Conservateur.**

miles from Chantilly, through which I passed in my road to Paris. A statue was erected in the gardens of the latter place, called L'Isle de l'Amour. On the pedestal were these beautiful lines by Rousseau, which I copied from Smith's account of the place:—

"N'offrant qu'un cœur à la beauté,
Nud comme la vérité,
Sans armes comme la constance,
Tel fut l'amour dans le siècle d'or
On ne le trouve plus quoiqu'on le cherche encore."

The statue represented a little naked boy, without darts or wings, holding a flaming heart. Above a seat under a wide-spreading elm were inscribed by the same hand,—"Voici cet orme heureux où ma Louise a recu ma foi."

* This truly magnificent palace was constructed in 1516, by Mary of Medicis, queen of Henry the Fourth of France.

This magnificent palace has undergone no change since I last saw it, except that the apartment of the King of Rome has been converted, since Napoleon's return, into a com-

The façade of this building, as you enter it from the Rue Tournon, is ornamented, and supported by Doric pillars. The dome in the centre is of the Tuscan and Doric orders, surrounded by statues. The façade facing the gardens is much admired for its beauty and simplicity.

There is a fine library and gallery of paintings, called the Galerie de Rubens, containing many of the choicest paintings of that celebrated master. There are, also, the beautiful paintings of Verney.

The staircase leading to the Sale de Séances du Senat, is very grand. The walls on each side are decorated with the finest marble statues, all considered as portraits, having been taken from life by the first artists in France. These consist of Generals Kleber, Hoche, Dessaix, Dugominier, Joubert, Cafferelli, and Marceau; and of the legislators, Mirabeau, Beauharnais, Thourot, Barnave, Chapelier, Verginaux, and Condorcet;—all characters with which the annals of the French revolution have made us well acquainted.

This superb staircase, as well as the statues, were designed by M. Chalgrin, the celebrated French artist. At the top are several apartments for the officers and messengers of the Senate, and the guards, which always attend their sittings.

The apartments leading to the Senate are superbly furnished; the compartments in the walls, which are of great

mittee room, and the enchanting garden is now a vast camp of Prussian infantry; the cavalry occupy the surrounding buildings. The walks are luxuriously ornamented with orange trees; and statues of the finest marble and most exquisite workmanship adorn the terrace and the grounds. A large sheet of water is in front of this noble structure; the views from the windows are extensive; and the grounds extend to the New Boulevards and the Gardens of the

height, and very spacious, contain paintings by David and other French painters, of the various battles and campaigns of Buonaparte.

The Hall of the Senate is a semi-circle, in the centre of which is the throne and canopy of state, elegantly embroidered in velvet and gold, and surmounted by an eagle. Here Napoleon sat when he attended the senate: immediately opposite is the tribune for the President. On each side the throne are three niches, with the statues of Cicero, Cato, Brutus, Demosthenes, Solon, and Lycurgus, in Italian marble, finely executed, and as large as life.

We were shewn an apartment leading out of the Hall of the Senate, which is called "L'Appartement du Roi de Rome." The pannels in the wall are of tapestry, representing the different ruins and public edifices of that city. The chairs were executed in the same way. It is impossible to imagine any thing more beautiful than this fine apartment.

Chartreux. The hall, where the Peers held their sittings, was occupied by them in debate but eight days since! In this delightful abode the allied Prussian troops now pass their time, and well may they be said to repose after the fatigues of war. One cannot, however, help lamenting that such a spot should be subject to the depredations of a thoughtless soldiery.

In the evening we dined at Riche's, on the Italian Boulevard, and went to the Opera, where we witnessed the gratifying reception which Louis the XVIIIth met with on his entrance. The royal box, lined with blue velvet, on which were embroidered the Bourbon arms, was placed opposite to the stage, in front of the house. His Majesty was attended by the Count d'Artois and the Duc de Berri. He wore a blue coat with gold epaulets, and looked remarkably well. The King put his hand repeatedly to his heart, in the most impressive manner, and bowed frequently to the audience when they cheered him. The house was crowded to an excess not to be described; hundreds of beautiful women in white dresses, having their heads ornamented with lilies, added to the interest and splendour of the whole *coup d'œil*. The opera was *Iphigenie in Taurida*, and

the ballet *La Dansomanie.* The music and dancing, as usual, very fine. Mademoiselle Goslin, Madame Gardin, and Monsieur Albert, performed a beautiful *pas de trois.* Lords Castlereagh, Clancarty, Clive, and Stewart, with several other distinguished Englishmen, sat in the box near to Prince Frederick of Prussia, which was next to the King's. A considerable number of the allied officers and foreigners of distinction were in the other boxes, and this concourse of persons produced a most striking effect.

It is scarcely possible for me to give you a description of the variety of interesting objects which are hourly presenting themselves, nor have I sufficient leisure to enter fully into details. I shall, however, omit no opportunity of giving you every information of the actual state of the capital. In the mean time I may observe, that many parts of this distracted country are in a state of siege, or blockaded by the allied troops. The villages and towns in the vicinity are abandoned, having been plundered first by the French troops, and then by the enemy; and, most probably, the country will suffer for many years to come the consequences of Buonaparte's return. To the im-

mortal honour of the British troops, not a complaint is heard from any one. All unite in bestowing praise on their exemplary conduct, and the name of an Englishman is every where respected.

I remain, Dear Sir,
Yours, &c.

Paris, July 16th, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

SEVERAL divisions of irregular Cossacks entered Paris and its environs to-day.—Last year we passed early in the morning through a large body of Cossacks, at their *bivouac*. They were lying on the open ground, their horses in rows by the road side. It was then so cold, that, with an additional great coat and the chaise windows up, I could not keep myself warm; and yet these hardy sons of nature appeared to be reposing in perfect comfort. Such is the force of habit!

It is a curious fact, related to me by an officer of distinguished rank in the Russian service, that the Cossacks were not informed of their being out of the territories of the Emperor of Russia, until they were nearly crossing the Rhine to enter France, otherwise they would have immediately commenced their usual system of plunder, even in the country of their allies.

"They are quiet enough now," said the postilion, "*mais auparavant monsieur, ils ont volée*

par-tout, et violée les femmes à tout coin." A lady, at Amiens, said to me, "*Qu'ils sont affreux ces Cossacs, nous avons toujours peur de nous trouver dans les bras de ces barbares.*"—No doubt they have inspired terror, and committed excesses enow; but when we call to our recollection the atrocities of the French armies in Spain, Portugal, Germany, and every country through which they passed, we cannot be surprised at any retaliation inflicted on them.

At the same table some stories were related of the treatment of the females, which an Englishman would have been shocked to hear repeated in a woman's presence; but there is a *grossièreté* in their conversation which none but French women could endure.

The Russian army at present is at Maux. It is curious to see British, Prussian, and French National Guards all mounting the same guard together; and the reliefs of the sentries as they pass along the streets are composed of a mixture of these different nations. The streets of Paris are crowded to excess with all descriptions of people, and the heat is intolerable. The irregularity, or perhaps total want of police at such a moment, causes negligence in

the removal of filth from them, at no time very celebrated for their cleanliness; and the "*mauvaise odeur*" assails the nose in every direction,—so that I should not be surprised if some contagious disease were to arise here.

The Palais Royale is crowded night and day, and is perfectly quiet, although thronged by such a mob. We passed the greater part of the morning in viewing the different shops and curiosities with which it abounds. On entering it from the Rue Saint Honoré, I perceived over the great gateway these words, not effaced by the composition slightly washed over them:

LIBÉRTÉ
où
LA MORT.

This palace, situated in the Rue Saint Honoré, was built by the celebrated Cardinal Richelieu, in 1636, and was then called Le Palais de Richelieu. It was given by Louis XIV. to his brother, the Duke of Orleans. The late Duke, who assumed the name of *Egalité,* sold it; he it was who took so active a part in the Revolution, and at length fell a sacrifice to the fury and vengeance of the mob he had encouraged by his example. It has

since that period continued to be the property of private individuals.

In the centre of this building are the gardens; but they appear to have been much neglected since I saw them last year. On each side the square, within the colonnades, is to be found, according to the French description, almost every thing that the invention of man ever produced; all that can administer to the gratification of luxury and pleasure. Under the shops are coffee-houses, called *caveaus*, where dancing and every sort of amusement are constantly going forward; intermixed with the shops are the restaurateurs and gaming-houses. The apartments above are assembly-rooms, and licensed lottery and gambling-houses, under the superintendance of government, which is said to derive a great revenue from them.

To give an instance of the necessity of bargaining for whatever one purchases in this extraordinary and unequalled spot, I looked at an opera-glass—the man asked me *thirty-eight* francs. In order to get rid of him, after looking at a great many things which I did not wish to purchase, I offered *eight*. "*Prenez*"—"take it," said the man, "it is your's."

We took some ices at the Caffé de Mille Colonnes; which is curiously arranged within side, the whole being lined with mirrors, so that each pillar reflects the other; when it is lighted up with the superb chandeliers which are suspended from the ceiling, it has a pretty effect. The Belle Lemonadiere has always a great many of the Prussian officers at her Caffé; she seems to be more admired by them than by the English.

We spent the evening on the Boulevards, after dining at Grignon's, in the Rue de Petit Champs The theatres are very hot from their crowded state. Those open at this season, are, Academie Royal de Musique, Theatre Français, Theatre de l'Opera-Comique, Theatre de l'Odeon, Theatre du Vaudeville, Theatre des Variétés, Theatre de la Gaieté, Ambigu-Comique, Theatre de la Porte Saint Martin, and the Theatre Pittoresque et Méchanique.

This morning the white flag was displayed on the tower of Vincennes; but the commandant, Monsieur Daumesnil, will not surrender it to the Allies.

A contribution has been ordered to be levied

on the city of Paris of one hundred millions of francs.

A French lady told me this evening, who is very intimate with Madame Dubois, whose husband attended Maria Louisa during her *accouchement*, that there does not exist a doubt in the minds of the French people of the King of Rome being Napoleon's child, and they say resembles him very much*.

I remain, Dear Sir,
Yours, &c.

* Since my return to England, a friend of mine has received a letter from Vienna, stating, that the Archduchess Maria Louisa had been in the highest spirits ever since she heard of Buonaparte's departure for St. Helena.

This may be accounted for, from her attachment to him, which is said by the French people to be very great, knowing that his life has been spared; and it would appear, that she still cherishes the hope that her son will some day succeed to the throne of France: otherwise, why should she be so desirous, as it has been generally stated she is, to conceal from him his father's abdication?

Paris, Sunday, July 16th, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

Our first visit this morning was to the Palais Royale, where for a few sous we read the papers. The crowd of people exceeded any thing I had ever seen there; multitudes of foreigners of the allied armies and Parisians filled the Caffés, and it was with difficulty we could obtain a seat. Few of the shops are closed, and there is nothing to indicate the day beyond the crowds of people in the streets better dressed than usual. The Boulevards were thronged in the same manner, and until a very late hour at night.

We drove through the Fauxbourg de Saint Antoine, along the Fauxbourg de Temple, by the Place de Bastille, across the Bridge of Austerlitz, to the Jardin des Plantes—the Botanical Garden.

This splendid museum and garden is certainly unequalled in the universe, both as the most instructive and interesting that can be seen. It is indebted for its value and its

beauty to the labours of the celebrated naturalist, Buffon.

At the entrance of the Garden, from the Bridge of Austerlitz, is a menagerie, containing animals and wild beasts from every part of the world. The Museum of Natural History possesses the greatest variety, and most rare productions of nature; and the gardens, which are of vast extent, contain plants and trees from every climate, in regular order and succession. The walks through the different avenues of the garden, are exceedingly beautiful and agreeable; and from the windows of the Museum there is an extensive view of Paris and its environs. The animal, vegetable, and mineral productions, are in the highest state of preservation possible. The librarian and resident inspector, Monsieur Lucas, was very polite and attentive, and invited us to renew our visit some day at an earlier hour, to shew us the wax-work and the anatomical preparations and skeletons. He said the Emperor of Austria had been with him yesterday morning before seven o'clock, and had passed several hours in viewing the natural curiosities. It certainly would require several days to inspect it properly and satisfactorily. It is open to the allied armies every day, and to the inhabitants

and the public on Tuesdays and Fridays; from the hour of three until five in the winter, and in spring and summer, from three until seven. The rooms and garden were crowded with Prussian troops—very few English; the former are encamped in its vicinity, not within it, as I was at first informed. It would have been disgraceful to have suffered a place so interesting to mankind, to have been exposed to the depredations of the soldiery. Placards were stuck up in the different languages, by order of the allied sovereigns, threatening the troops with severe punishment if they injured any thing within its walls; or in all likelihood it would have been destroyed long since.

As we passed the spot where the Bastille once stood, we got out to view the arch, erected in the fosse, which still remains; on which is to be placed the elephant, to be cast in bronze. The building which incloses the model is close to it; but we reserved our visit to this most interesting curiosity for another day.—This place recalled to our recollection the bloody scenes that have been transacted here. How few of the actors in that tragedy are now in existence! and how little have their descendants profited by the change.

As I passed over the Place de Bastille, it brought to my remembrance, that some years since I had visited its dungeons; nothing now remains but the pedestal and masonry for the intended fountain, to be erected there in the fosse; not a vestige is to be seen of that once celebrated fortress, the prototype of the Temple.

The idea of having an enormous elephant erected on this spot is said to have originated with Buonaparte. It was intended to be one hundred feet high, with a castle on its back, that was to serve as a reservoir for water, the proboscis forming a *jet d'eau;* while smaller streams were to issue from beneath its feet, as if forced up by the pressure of the animal. It is to be hoped that this vast plan will be carried into effect. It was to have been cast in bronze, and would certainly form one of the most magnificent objects in Paris.

The Pont d'Austerlitz, which we crossed, forms the communication between the Boulevard de Bourbon and the Jardin des Plantes. The piers are of stone, and the arches and railing of cast iron. It is light, and is certainly a beautiful object, uniting great strength with solidity. In passing over it we had a fine

view of the Rampart de Paris, between the old place of the Bastille and the river, and also of the city of Paris.

We got out to look at the Porte de Saint Denis and the Porte de St. Martin, as we drove by them. They are both triumphal arches, built in the reign of Louis the XIVth, handsomely decorated with trophies in bas-relief, and commemorate his different victories. The arrangement and execution are regarded as among the finest specimens of art, scarcely yielding in magnificence to the one in the Carouzel.

After having dined at Nicol's, on the Boulevard, we went to the beautiful gardens of Tivoli, where we were highly amused with the waltzing. The evening concluded with a most brilliant display of fire-works, in the midst of which a young boy descended, balancing himself on a rope upwards of sixty feet from the ground: a girl not more than fourteen years of age did the same thing the other evening. It was a more terrific than pleasing sight.

I remain, Dear Sir,
Yours, &c.

Paris, July 17th, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

ACCOUNTS were yesterday received of the Austrian army, of 60,000 men, having entered Troyes, on their march to Fontainbleau. The Bavarians are at Chalons, consisting of 30,000. From this accumulation of the allied forces in the vicinity of the capital, it would appear as if affairs are not likely to be arranged without the aid or the presence of foreign troops. It is calculated that there are in Paris 300,000 soldiers, and about 500,000 more in France of the different allied powers. The French troops are said to be daily diminishing, either by returning to their homes, or giving in their submission to the royal authority ; but there exists in Paris, and in many parts of France, a numerous and daring party against the restoration of Louis the XVIIIth, for reasons obvious enough.

From all that I saw and could collect during my short stay in Paris, in May 1814 it appeared evident, that the nation was in a very unsettled state, and likely to continue so, un-

less some very strong and decisive measures were adopted by the court to restrain the violence and hatred of different parties.—There were then in Paris two decided parties, who were making attempts, through means of pamphlets, (sold openly and publicly in the Palais Royale,) to prevent the public mind from subsiding into peace and quietness. The revolutionary party, and that of the royalists, composed the great mass of the people, and required all the caution and all the temperance of the King to reconcile such jarring interests and opinions. The adherents of Buonaparte, whom I class under the title of revolutionary, as opposed to the old monarchy, were numerous and resolute; and however appearances might be, while Napoleon lived they seemed never likely to be reconciled to the Bourbons. The Buonapartists were so strong, that the King of necessity employed those who served against him: the ancient order of noblesse suffered of course all the mortification of poverty and want of power under him who could protect or restore them to their former consequence: hence jealousies and distrust were to be expected in those who ought to have been the support of the restored monarch.

I cannot imagine a stronger proof of this, and of the fears now entertained by the King's party, notwithstanding the imposing force with which he is surrounded, than the appointment of such a man as *Fouché*. True, he is said to have been instrumental in procuring the return of Louis ; and I have heard that when the King was quitting Paris, on the return of Buonaparte, Fouché said to him, " If I had been at the head of the police, that man should never have succeeded as he has done. I will not follow your majesty, because I can render you more service by remaining where I am." But when we consider this man's character, and the republican principles of his party, what safety can there be for the King when once the powerful protection he now has is withdrawn from him ?

While the Tuilleries yesterday was crowded with thousands of people, shouting " *Vive le Roi !*" the different Fauxbourgs were agitated by the numerous partizans of the late chief, and the republicans among the Federés, appearing with the insignia of his orders, and wearing a pink, which one meets with every where. The National Guards arrested several in different quarters ; but these mild mea-

sures, this temporizing policy will never do. It is very evident, that the factious are only quiet from necessity and fear, not from a desire to contribute to the restoration of order and tranquillity. How weak must that government feel itself, when at this moment not a traitor has been arrested, nor a single person brought to punishment, although an example, an instantaneous one, ought to have been made of those who betrayed their allegiance, and drove their lawful sovereign from his throne, to receive the man who had forfeited every claim by his abdication.

Yesterday his Grace the Duke of Wellington, attended by a number of generals and other superior officers of the British army, were presented to the King at the Tuilleries, where they were graciously received. The King thanked the Duke for the good conduct which had been observed by the English army since they had reached the capital.

All those troops that were *bivouacked* in the Carouzel have been removed to the Champ de Mars;—the others remain nearly in the same places.

I was introduced this morning to Sir Neil Campbell, the officer who accompanied Buonaparte to Elba, and we went with him to the Louvre, but were not permitted to see the gallery of paintings without an order from the Baron Denon, who received us very politely, and entered into an interesting conversation. After having shewn us his beautiful collection of antiques which he brought with him from Egypt, M. Denon acquainted us with a curious circumstance, of his having just received a letter from Rochefort, informing him of Buonaparte, (whom he styled *L'Empereur*,) having sent General Bertrand to the officer commanding the English squadron, to put himself under the protection of the British. Baron Denon also mentioned, that Napoleon had said to him before he quitted Paris, that the English were the only people he could trust his life with. He also mentioned that the reason for being so particular in granting permission to visit the gallery of paintings arose from the Prussians having taken down all the paintings, and removed the statues that had been brought away by the French from Prussia. He complained that they had likewise taken away such as had been brought from Saxony.

Among other circumstances which the Baron related of his master, (and I gave him credit for the candid manner in which he spoke of his attachment to him, whom he had so long served,) he stated, that he had been repeatedly assured by Buonaparte, since his return, that he never would have quitted Elba to re-enter France, had he not feared being sent to St. Helena, and being deprived of the revenue settled upon him at his abdication. But it is well known, that it was the intention of the English Government to abide strictly by the Treaty of Paris: Buonaparte, however, had latterly distrusted it, and often expressed himself to Sir N—— C———, to that effect. The Baron said, that Caulaincourt's (the Duke of Vicenza,) estates had just been confiscated. He also informed me, speaking of Murat, that he had not acted from any preconcerted measures with Buonaparte in the late transactions in Italy: when he came to Paris, after his disasters in that country, Napoleon refused to see him.

Denon appeared to be more hurt at the prospect of the Gallery of the Museum being stripped, than interested in any of the political

events going on.* This circumstance related by Denon respecting Buonaparte was communicated to our Ministers, but having received intelligence of his movements as late as

* May, 1814. At the Musée Napoleon are to be seen the rarest specimens of art, collected into one focus by robbery and plunder! Let the French nation call it whatever they please; from the Vatican at Rome, from Venice, from Florence, and from every quarter in Europe, in the same way the paintings in the Louvre have been *collected!*

The French in their description of the different statues and pictures, are not, as one would suppose, anxious to avoid any allusion to the manner in which the nation became possessed of them. In their account, for instance, of the Venus de Medicis, they say, "*La France à dû l'Apollon aux victoires de Napoleon, pendant sa première campagne d'Italie, sa munificence à valu aux arts ce second chef d'œuvre.*" And in another place they say, "*Ce Buste est tiré du Musée du Capitole à Rome.*"

The statue of Venus de Medicis is executed in Parian marble, of the finest grain that is known. It was originally placed in the Garden of Medicis at Rome, until the sixteenth century, when it was removed, and had remained in the Gallery at Florence during the seventeenth. It is deemed the only rival to the celebrated Apollo Belvidere.

The Apollo Belvidere, which is placed in the same saloon with the Venus de Medicis, was discovered at the end of the fifteenth century, at Capo d'Aurzo, twelve leagues from

the 14th, they supposed that the Baron intended it should be so believed to mislead the Allied Powers with regard to his real designs; a short time must develope the truth.

Rome, close to the sea-side, among the ancient ruins of Antium, a city celebrated for its Temple of Fortune, and the magnificent palace which the Roman Emperors had erected and embellished with the rarest works of art. Julius the Second, when only Cardinal, acquired the possession of this *chef d'œuvre*, and placed it in the palace which he then inhabited, near the Church of Santi Apostoli; but soon after, being elected Pope, it was removed to the Belvidere in the Vatican, where during three centuries it formed the admiration of the universe. The French, with their usual vanity and arrogance, add, "*Lorsque un Héros guidé par la victoire est venu l'en tuer pour la conduire et la fixer à jamais sur les rives de la Seine.*"

On the pedestal of this inimitable statue, is the following inscription: "*La Statue d'Apollon, qui s'elève sur ce pédestal, trouvé à Antium sur la fin du XV*e *Siecle-placé au Vatican par Jules II. au commencement du XVI*e *:—— Conquis l'An V. de la République, par l'armée d'Italie, sous les ordres du General Buonaparte, à été fixée ici le* 21 *Germinal, An VIII. premier an de son consulat.*"

On the other side of the pedestal is as follows:

BUONAPARTE, Ir Consul.
CAMBACERES, IId Consul.
LEBRUN, IIIe Consul.
LUCIEN BUONAPARTE, Ministre de l'Interieur.

The Members of the Institution, who were sent by Buona-

We have had an opportunity of visiting a part of the Palace of the Tuilleries: the remainder we are promised shall be shewn us to-morrow.

We entered it by the great stair-case, into the Salle de Marechaux, where full-length paintings of most of the Marshals of France are arranged, together with the busts of the most celebrated Generals. The portraits of the Marshals are as follow :—The Dukes of Tarentum, Montebello, Treviso, Cornegliano, Dantzick, Dalmatia, Ragusa, Rivoli, Reggio, and Istria; Marshals Murat, Prince de Neufchatel, and Brune; Generals Jourdan and Perignon; and the marble busts of Generals Caffarelli, Latour Treville, La Harpe, Marceau, Le Clerc, Caussi, Dugonier, Duprés, and Joubert. Two paintings, also, by French masters, adorn the

parte to the different countries, from which they plundered the various statues and paintings under the specious names of victors, were, Barthelemy, Berthelot, Moillo, Monze, Thouin, and Tinet: and certain it is, that these commissioners did ample justice to the choice of their master. But let us hope that the allied sovereigns, in arranging the peace, about to be established, will not lose sight of that retribution and justice, which the late government owe to other nations, in making them restore their plunder.

hall, of the Battle of Rivoli, and the Passage of the Po. Figures of men in suits of armour of polished steel surround the gallery.

Leading out of this hall, to the right, is the chamber of the Council of State, on the ceiling of which is a very fine painting of the Battle of Austerlitz, by David. Buonaparte is on horseback; and it has been acknowledged to be the most striking likeness of any that had been taken of him.

The private theatre, which is in this wing of the palace, is about the size, I should think, of the little theatre in the Haymarket, most elegantly fitted up. It was the late Queen of France, Maria Antoinette, who had it constructed for the amusement of her court; and it has since been considerably embellished by the Empress Maria Louisa.

We visited afterwards the Bibliothéque Nationale, now called the Royal Library, in the Rue de Richlieu.

The manuscripts and valuable collection of books in all languages, in this splendid library, are supposed to be the finest and most extensive in Europe. The building, which is of

vast extent, was formerly the Hotel Mazarine. In the centre of the great court-yard is a beautiful statue, representing a naked female, resting on one foot, in bronze.

The first floor of this palace is entirely appropriated to printed books; and in all the apartments there are tables and chairs, with pens and ink, for the use of visitors. The different rooms are said to contain—

350,000 Printed volumes.
100,000 Manuscripts.
5,000 Genealogies of noble families.
5,000 Engravings.
50,000 Prints and other engravings.

And there are two globes, thirty feet in diameter, supposed to be the largest in the world.

Among the manuscripts are several letters of our Henry the VIIIth, Henry the IVth of France, Louis the XIVth, Voltaire, Racine, La Fontaine, and Boileau, in high preservation. The greatest attention is paid to strangers by the librarians. On my application to look at Henry the VIIIth's letters, they were shewn to me immediately, and I might have made extracts from any of them, if my time

Mameluke of the Imperial Guard.

had permitted.——This library is well worthy the attention of all strangers and literary men.

As I was returning to dress for dinner, I met one of the Mamelukes, the first I had seen. I have been told that nearly the whole of them perished in the battle of the 18th. Rostan, their chief, and Buonaparte's favourite, refused to follow him to Elba, and is still in Paris, where he is married. Buonaparte asked him to accompany him: Rostan made excuses. The other said—"You are an ungrateful scoundrel. I took you from the desart—you are as much my property as the clothes I wear; but I will not be followed by one so ungrateful."—After Napoleon's return to Paris he would never see Rostan.

We dined with Sir Neil Campbell at Grignon's Rue Neuve de petits Champs, and I never met with a pleasanter man, or a more interesting character. He is to set off to-morrow for Brussels, to take the command of the Hanseatic Legion, which is to be brought towards Paris. He had a very narrow escape at the attack of Charleroi, a few days since. A grape shot struck his sabre, and nearly cut it in two.—

This same officer was run through the body by a Cossack, with his spear, who mistook him for a Frenchman, in one of the battles just before the allied forces entered Paris last year.

I remain, Dear Sir,
Yours, &c

Paris, July 18th, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

THE French papers to-day give an account of the surrender of Lyons to the royal authority; and it is said the Emperor of Russia is bringing up three hundred thousand troops towards Paris. Where such numbers are to be subsisted, in addition to those that already surround this capital, it is difficult to say, for they must soon draw their supplies from a distance. It is believed here that a great power wishes to continue to take the lead in the pending negotiations. As there appears to be no ostensible motive for the accumulation of so large a force, one proof has already been given of great influence, (if what is said be true,) that a very considerable proportion of the contribution which was ordered to be levied on the city of Paris, has been reduced, by such interference, from one hundred millions of francs to eight.

It is supposed there will be a grand triumphal entry into Paris of the whole allied forces. The British are anxious to follow the example

of the Prussians, who marched through the city, and over the Bridge of Jena, a division of 40,000 men, with drums beating and colours flying.

As I had the good fortune to be present at the entry of the allied army in the month of May, last year, I shall give you a short account of that extraordinary event, which formed one of the most brilliant scenes imaginable. Having taken my station on an elevated platform, close to a Russian officer, who had been severely wounded in one of the late engagements, I was enabled not only to see the whole of the troops, but to have the different corps pointed out and explained to me.

Louis the XVIIIth had paid a visit to the allied sovereigns the preceding day, on their arrival in the capital of his kingdom; and the present occasion was chosen to return it at the head of their troops.

By two o'clock the quay of the Tuilleries was lined by considerable bodies of Cossacks. The *cortége*, which first advanced, consisted of the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia. Then followed the Princes of Swartzenberg, Wirtemberg, Saxe-Cobourg,

Esterhazy; the Princes Royal of Prussia, Bavaria, Mecklenburg, and Oldenburg; the Field-Marshals Blucher, Wrede, and Barclay de Tolly, with Generals Count Platoff and Chernicheff, and an immense number of other officers, decorated with a profusion of stars and the various orders of their respective nations.

The troops advanced in sections, preceded by a band mounted; trumpets and bugles announced the approach of the Russian Guard, consisting of between seven and eight thousand of the finest looking men I ever beheld, with the Grand Duke Constantine at their head. Several thousand Russian, Austrian, Prussian, and Saxon infantry then followed, with the different corps of cavalry, cuirassiers, hulans, and a well appointed train of artillery. The cannon, of various calibre, were of brass; and they appeared so bright and polished, the whole of the men were in such high order, and the horses in such condition, that it became a matter of the utmost astonishment, considering the severe campaign they had previously undergone.

It was computed that upwards of eighty thousand troops of the line, besides artillery, and between twenty-five and thirty thousand

cavalry, without including Cossacks, were present at this review. Although the corps marched in quick time, more than four hours elapsed before the whole had passed by the spot where I stood.

The Parisians appeared to view this military parade as a mere *spectacle:* a word which they apply to every species of shew. I heard them frequently exclaim, "*Que beau spectacle!*"—"*Que bels hommes!*"—"*Que magnifiques cheveaux.*"—"*Vraiment c'est charmant.*"

The King of France stood at a window in front of the palace, surrounded by Monsieur, Prince de Condé, the Duchess d'Angouléme, the Duc de Berri, the Marshals, &c.

But to proceed—our first visit this morning was to the Place Vendome, where we saw the National Guards parade. The beautiful column erected here, and which one cannot view too often, has the white flag hoisted on it, where the statue of Napoleon once stood. I think it decidedly the most superb object in Paris.

This column, which is one hundred and thirty-three feet high, and twelve in diameter, was constructed by Buonaparte's directions in

imitation of Trajan's Pillar at Rome: and is cased with bronze, made from the cannon taken from the Austrians and Russians at the battle of Austerlitz. It was surmounted by a colossal statue of Napoleon: but the Emperor of Russia, as soon as he entered Paris, in 1814, ordered it to be taken down and sent off to Moscow; where it will probably remain as a monument of the triumph of the Russian arms. It was said at the time, that the cannon taken from the French during the campaign in Russia, were to be formed into a pyramid, on which this statue was to be placed.

The pedestal on which the column stands, is covered with bas-reliefs, representing the various military trophies and implements of war. On the side which fronts the Palace of the Tuilleries, is the following inscription:

Napoleon Imp. Aug.
Monumentum Belli Germanici
Anno MDCCCV.
Trimestri spatio, ducto suo profligati
Ex Ære Capto
Gloriæ exercitus maximi dicavit.

From the bottom of the column to the top, in figures of bas-relief, at short intermediate spaces, wherein Napoleon is seen on horse-

back, are traced in chronological order, the principal actions in the campaign of 1805, from the departure of the Grand Army under his command from Boulogne, to the celebrated battle of Austerlitz. These figures in bas-relief, which ascend spirally, are three feet eight inches in height, and beneath is the inscription of the action which it represents. At the top is a gallery, railed round, surrounding the dome, which serves as a pedestal for the statue. The figure of Napoleon had one hand resting on his sword, and the other held the symbol of Victory.

This monument, erected to perpetuate the glory, and to commemorate the triumphs of his troops, was executed under the direction of the celebrated traveller and writer, Denon, Director-General of the Museum; and was completed in three years by M. M. Lepére, and Gouduin, and finished the 15th of August, 1810.

It is very easy to imagine the pride with which this column was beheld by the French soldiers, when he who was the object of its flattery was in the plenitude of his power and prosperity.

We proceeded to the Louvre, to the Gallery of Paintings and Statues. In the Salle d'Apollon, and other of the apartments, are seen the pedestals on which was placed the plunder of Berlin, Potsdam, and Dresden; but since removed by the Prussians, together with a great many valuable pictures, whose frames alone remain. The brass plates on the pedestals of the Apollo Belvidere and the Venus de Medicis, the inscriptions from which I copied last year, have been taken off.

Our ticket of admission, which I mentioned having procured from the Baron Denon, is curious, and begins by reciting all the honours and titles conferred on him *for his labours in collecting:* I copy it as a matter of curiosity at the present moment. It is rumoured, that the Austrians intend to imitate the Prussians, and to remove all that was formerly taken away by the French from Vienna, &c.

The following is the Baron Denon's ticket:

Paris, le 17 Juillet, 1815.

Musée.
Bureau
Particulier.

Le Baron Denon, Officier de la Legion d'Honneur, Chevalier des Ordres de Sainte Anne de Russie et de la Couronne de Baviére, Membre de l'Institut, Directeur Géneral des Musées, de la Monnoye des Médailles, etc. etc.

Le Gardien du Musée Royal les ferait entrer dans la Galerie et les Salles des Antiques.

Monsieur ————.

Le Directeur Gen.
DENON.

From the Louvre we went to the Palace of the Tuilleries, according to appointment, and we entered the Salle de Marechaux, just as Louis the XVIIIth had driven off in one of Buonaparte's coaches, with eight horses. The Bourbon arms had been substituted for the imperial, but the carriage remains the same.

The state apartments occupy the whole length of the palace, opening by large folding doors one into the other. The ceilings of the various rooms are painted by the first masters, with various subjects taken from the heathen mythology, and the sides in compartments are decorated with beautiful Gobelin tapestry, representing the battles of Louis the XIVth, and some of the celebrated actions fought by Napoleon. His *bivouacs* are painted in oil by the first French masters.

The letter N, with the imperial crown and eagle, are in almost every pannel and corner of the palace. The throne and canopy, which he occupied but three weeks since, remain as he left them. The bed-room in which Louis sleeps is precisely as he found it. On the couch were several orders of the Saint Esprit, and the different ribbands which his Majesty occasionally wears. —— What recollections, what interesting thoughts, naturally occupied the mind, on reviewing past events, and comparing them with the present sudden change !

Whilst I stood at the same window, in the King's dining-room, where but a few days

since I had seen the sovereigns of Russia, Prussia, and France present themselves to the people, one of the gentlemen in waiting told me, that he saw Louis so affected as to shed tears on the occasion. On my remarking that the letter N was in every part of the room, he said,—" With you, Sir, they make the best caricatures, but with us the best calambourgs." And he had the civility to write in my memorandum book the following lines, which shew the wit and readiness of the French :—

" *Voyant partout, au Palais du Tuilleries, des* N, *un plaisant repondit, il a des* N—*mis* (ennemis) *partout.*"

" *En parlant de la place du Carouzel, où il y a six boulets en or—un plaisant dit, 'c'est la place de Ciboulan'.*"—Alluding to the golden balls on the iron railing which separates the Carouzel from the court of the Tuilleries.

" *A l'Arc de Triomphe où est un char—un plaisant dit, 'le Charlatan'.*"—Referring to the empty car which stands on the Arch of Triumph.

I add another, which was made last year, on the difference between a Louis-d'or and a Na-

poleon; a Louis being then worth twenty-four livres, and a Napoleon only twenty. The present new Louis-d'or passes only for twenty francs.—

> "Qui ne seroit un partisan d'un Bourbon
> On nous donne un Louis pour un Napoleon."

As we returned from viewing the inner apartments, the royal table was laid for dinner. The gentleman in waiting observed, that Napoleon had removed so much of the plate when he went off, that they had not enough to decorate the table with, when the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia dined the other day with Louis the XVIIIth.

Very few things have interested me more than the sight of this place; and we experienced every civility and attention from those who shewed it to us.

This evening the Moniteur announced the departure from Rochefort of Napoleon Buonaparte and his adherents, in the Bellerophon, Captain Maitland. Monsieur Denon's information was consequently correct.

I remain, Dear Sir,
Yours, &c.

Versailles, July 19th, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

I SET off early this morning from the Pont Royal at Paris, in one of the cabriolets which carry eight people, and for my seat I paid only thirty sous. In going through the Boulevard Italienne, the Austrian guards were drawn up to be reviewed by the Emperor. They were fine looking men, and their white dresses set them off to great advantage. They were composed principally of grenadiers, and some regiments of Croats, Hulans, and Cuirassiers, which formed the Emperor's escort to Paris.

On passing the bridge of Jena, the workmen were employed repairing the damage which had been done to it by the Prussian troops; there I saw Prince Blucher looking remarkably well.—We drove through the barrier of Passy, at which I found an English guard stationed.

At Sevre, so celebrated for its manufactory of china, I observed masons repairing the bridge which crosses the river Seine there. Two of

its arches had been broken down by the French troops, to arrest the progress of the Prussians, who had taken possession of Versailles. On the 30th of last month a corps of fifteen hundred cavalry first entered the town, but they were surprized by the main body of the French army, who cut most of them to pieces. When the Prussians afterwards entered the place in force, they revenged themselves most amply. There is at this time a considerable body of them quartered here, and in the neighbourhood. The view of Saint Cloud, and the different villages and villas, is very beautiful; and the road the whole way to Versailles, distant from Paris about twelve miles, is excellent.

On my arrival here I found my brother at the Hotel de Grand Reservoir. He had quitted Tours with his family on account of the French troops having entered that town in the most tumultuous manner, tearing down the white flag, and insulting the inhabitants, who are in general very loyal; of course it could neither be pleasant nor safe for an Englishman to remain there under such circumstances. Several families had, however, continued there the whole of last year, perfectly quiet and unmolested.

The palace of Versailles has been so often described, that I shall merely observe how much I was struck with the magnificence and grandeur which pervade the whole. We entered by a staircase leading to the theatre, which is in one of the wings. The scenery and decorations remain as they were before the Revolution. Several pictures, amongst which was one of Louis the XIVth, and another of Louis the XVth, had lately been brought from the places in which they were concealed, for the purpose, as we were told, of being replaced in one of the apartments. The rooms were also under repair, and the present King had ordered them to be cleansed; on the return of Buonaparte from Elba the works were suspended, but they are now resumed. They are without furniture. The fine paintings on the ceilings of the different apartments appear in all their original beauty.

Much of our time has been passed in viewing the suite of rooms which were occupied by the unfortunate Queen, Maria Antoinette. The bed-chamber and private cabinet, with the entrance where the head of her bed was placed, and through which she made her escape, are objects that naturally excite the attention of

the traveller, who remembers the dreadful scenes which took place in these early days of the French Revolution. Indeed it was impossible to go over these deserted apartments, without adverting at every step to that frightful period when Louis XVI. and his Queen were forcibly removed from this palace by an infuriated mob, consisting of upwards of thirty thousand men and women, who escorted them to Paris, and bore them in ferocious triumph to the hall of the National Convention.

Although many of the statues which adorned this palace were removed by the late government to the garden of the Tuilleries, yet a sufficient number remains to embellish the temples, pavilions, and *jets d'eau* in every direction.

The canal, that extends in front of the palace, by which the Great Trianon was approached by water, is now dry. Our guide said it had been lately drained by Buonaparte's orders, and the fish sold. The effect which such a vast sheet of water must have produced, when viewed from the palace, is consequently lost; and none of the fountains are now suffered to play, unless by the special command of the Court.

At the Great Trianon we found the apartments richly and tastefully furnished. In one of the rooms there was a number of curious models of ships of different classes and constructions; and amongst the pictures there is one of Madame de Maintenon, for whom this palace was constructed by Louis the XIVth, and another of Mademoiselle Fontainges.

The bed-room, which was used by Buonaparte, is the most beautiful of the whole. It was hung with a lilac border, on a buff ground, embroidered in silver with stars, and the letter N appeared on every chair and piece of furniture. Some very superb vases were in this room.

Notwithstanding the elegant and sumptuous manner in which this palace is fitted up, there is an air of neglect throughout the whole of the exterior part of it, which surprized us the more, as it did not give one the least idea of what is to be seen within. It never was a favourite residence of Buonaparte or of Maria Louisa.

The Petit Trianon is more rural, though not less delightful. The grounds are laid out a

good deal in the English style. The old Swiss who shewed them to us said, he had only returned here within four days. He had been one of the attendants of the Queen, Marie Antoinette, and had passed the greater part of his youth in her service. He was grown old and grey now, he said; but although the recollection of former times made him very unhappy, yet he hoped to end his days here.

This sweet place appeared to me the most interesting spot within the park.——The grandeur of the palace of Versailles strikes the imagination and pleases the eye; but in this abode of tranquillity and rural simplicity, combined with so much taste, the most agreeable associations arise. Here it was that the unhappy Queen retired with her friends to enjoy that repose which is so seldom found amidst the glare and pomp of a splendid Court.

The Temple of Love in these grounds, the Swiss told us, was constructed by her directions. It is composed of artificial rocks, embosomed amongst trees and various plants, with a cascade falling into a sheet of water, on which floated a gondola.——The Temple of Flora is thus pompously described by the French:—

"*La rivière, en s'échappant du lac où elle prend naissance, se dirige vers le nord-est, et revient, du coté du midi, entourer une rotonde Corinthienne, gracieuse par son site, elegante dans sa forme, etonnante par sa légèreté, d'une grande richesse de sculpture, et parfaite dans son exécution.*"

The walks and avenues are kept very neat, and the grounds are laid out with much taste, but an air of sadness reigns throughout the place ; and the house which Maria Louisa seldom ever entered, looks as if it had long been deserted. One of the bed-rooms is richly furnished with white silk hangings, embossed in silver ; the rest are plain and neat.

I copied the following from lines on the wall of the dairy :—

"A l'ombre de cette verte feuillage
Evitons la chaleur du jour
Mais hélas ! il n'est point l'ombrage
Qui met à celle de l'amour."

I remain, Dear Sir,
Yours, &c.

Paris, July 20th, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

WE set off early this morning for Sevre. The porcelain manufactory is very curious and beautiful. They were packing up some busts of Napoleon, vases, and various other articles of china, for Prince Blucher. I asked the man if they were to be paid for.—"I believe not," he replied. "The Prussians entered Paris by this quarter, as conquerors, and they take just what they please to order: but they have put a guard of Prussian soldiers, as you perceive, in the house, to prevent the troops from doing mischief."——All the villages between Versailles and Paris bear the marks of a hostile army; there is scarcely a field of corn, or of any description, that has not been destroyed on both sides of the road. All the houses in the direction of the bridge which crosses the Seine at the Sevre, are pierced with cannon balls and grape shot. The Prussians were engaged there for a considerable time, before they could establish their communication with the opposite side of the river; and one cannot be surprized at their

resentment, considering the resistance opposed to them, and the cruelties exercised by the French troops on the Prussian prisoners.

As we drove into Paris we met Louis the XVIIIth in his carriage, drawn by eight horses, escorted by a troop of Gens d'Armes. The people cheered him here and there as he passed, but it was not universal. I remarked an empty carriage, with the same number of horses, following that of the King.

I am, &c. &c.

Paris, July 21st, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

We passed the greater part of this day inspecting the Gallery of Pictures. The Prussians have established a guard at its entrance. Boxes, with busts and statues, and pictures, continue to be packed up; and from all appearances, and reports, this splendid collection will soon be dispersed, or, more properly speaking, distributed amongst the different countries from which they have been plundered.

I had a long conversation to-day with a gentleman, on whose authority I could rely, who told me, that Paris would undoubtedly have been destroyed if the English had not interposed; and it was with great difficulty that the Prussians were dissuaded from pulling down the column in the Place de Vendome. —The allied armies continue to accumulate round the capital; and it will in all probability be very long before every thing is finally arranged, so little dependance can be placed in those whose interests are so much at variance, and where jealousies cannot but exist.

The contest between the present and former governments may be considered as at an end; and one would suppose there can be little or no pretext for a continuance of that disobedience on the part of the army towards Louis the XVIIIth, which is but too general. Yet there never was perhaps a country more unsettled in point of opinion in the choice of those who are to govern them in future. Whatever cries may be heard of "*Vive Louis*," or "*Vivent les Bourbons*,"—no reliance can be placed on them. The same people would cry "*Vive Napoleon*" to-morrow, if he were to appear among them. And it is undoubtedly true, that there are in France three distinct parties—the Royalists, the Buonapartists, and the Republicans; the two latter are out of all proportion to the first.

It is curious to observe this great city, with the streets crowded from morning to night, with English, Austrian, Prussian, and Russian troops. The Emperor has this day an English guard of honour, and thus the allied troops are interchanged or do duty together.—Attempts are said to be constantly making, by the most insidious methods, to create jealousies between these powers; but let us hope, that after having brought the long-contested struggle

to such a glorious issue, they will at last dissolve and disperse their vast forces with the same unanimity and good understanding which brought them together.

Numbers of French officers are now constantly to be met with about the streets and in the different caffés. They wear plain clothes, but they are easily distinguished by their large mustachios, ferocious countenances, and sullen, discontented air. These men, no doubt, try all in their power to agitate and inflame the public mind; and it is surprizing what little notice appears to be taken of them by the government.

I remain,
Dear Sir, &c.

Paris, July 22d, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

IMMEDIATELY after breakfast this morning we went to the Boulevard Italienne, where we saw the Prussian troops drawn up in line, three deep, ready to receive the allied sovereigns, preparatory to their passing them in review, which afterwards took place on the Place Louis XV.; and the spot where the two Emperors and King of Prussia placed themselves was precisely that where Louis the XVIth lost his head. This circumstance most probably arose from accident, but the coincidence struck me very forcibly.

The gallant Prince Blucher rode along the line, and was followed by the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the King of Prussia. All the three sovereigns were dressed in the uniform of the Prussian guards. As they advanced they were cheered by the troops, with bands playing and troops saluting. After this the whole marched past in review, on the spot I have already mentioned. As soon as the regiment of Prussian guards came up towards the palace of the Garde Meuble, of which the Emperor

Alexander is the Colonel, he put himself at their head, and saluted as he passed the other two sovereigns, and then returned and resumed his place. The Emperor of Austria did the same, as soon as his regiment advanced.

Prince Blucher commanded in chief, but Prince Charles of Prussia placed himself at the head of the Prussian guards. The Prussian cavalry, consisting of cuirassiers, lancers, hussars, with heavy and light dragoons, followed the infantry at this review, then several corps of Yagers, and last of all the artillery ;—forming altogether the finest body of men possible.

The *cortége* consisted of all the foreign Princes and Marshals, amongst whom appeared our own illustrious hero, the different generals, and their respective staffs. Such an assemblage was perhaps never equalled or witnessed, not even upon the occasion in May, 1814, to which I have alluded. This period was rendered much the more interesting from the circumstance of the glorious victory so lately achieved by our gallant countrymen.

Information has been received, I understand, of the French army having offered to submit, as an army entire and unbroken, to the King's

authority, but not to make terms with the allies. Thus they continue to dictate terms to their sovereign, although I have been informed from good authority that there are now seven hundred thousand men on this side the Rhine belonging to the allied powers.

A stranger coming to Paris might very naturally ask, who governs the country at this moment? Is the government in the hands of the allied monarchs, or of Louis the XVIIIth? The present moment is certainly a very extraordinary one. The French King is in his capital, in his palace, but the power does not seem to rest with any one in particular. Who would have believed a few weeks since that the allied troops would march through the centre of Paris, to the tune of *Ca ira* and the *Downfal of Paris?* Both these tunes were played this morning by the Prussian bands.

I remain, Dear Sir,
Yours, &c.

Paris, July 23d, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

We drove out this morning early to Saint Cloud, passing through the delightful villages of Passi and Chillot, and over the bridge of Saint Cloud, which had not long been rendered passable for carriages, by having planks laid across,—one of the arches having been completely destroyed by the French, to prevent the passage of the Prussians over the Seine in this direction.

The palace of Saint Cloud is at this moment the head-quarters of Field-Marshal Prince Blucher, and his Etat Major; and as he was entertaining Lord Castlereagh and a party, when we were there, we could not obtain a sight of those apartments which were Maria Louisa's, and which he occupies. We were shewn the state rooms of Napoleon.

On ascending the staircase we entered a large room to the left, decorated with Gobelin tapestry, and leading to the gardens, where there was a billiard table. The fragments of a superb china vase were scattered about; and a party

of Prussian officers appeared in one of the apartments, some writing and others smoking, and all seemingly enjoying themselves upon the fine embroidered couches on which they were reclining.

In the Cabinet de l'Empereur (Napoleon's private cabinet) the painting of the passage of Mount Saint Bernard, by David, had just been taken down, by the orders of Prince Blucher, as a trophy of victory; so the person who shewed the rooms told us:—the frame alone remained.

This apartment is most superbly furnished with Lyons velvet, richly embroidered in gold, with bees in the borders, and upon the chairs. Some very fine Sevre china vases and cabinets of Buhl were in this room.

In the Cabinet des Princes is a picture of General Dessaix, mortally wounded at the battle of Marengo; his aid-du-camp is receiving him in his arms, as he is falling off his horse. From the windows of this apartment there is a most enchanting view of Paris, and the country between Saint Cloud and that city.

The gardens are ornamented with the finest

statues, basins, and *jets d'eau*. We were greatly disappointed in not seeing the latter play. But every thing seems to be in a state of derangement and neglect. Indeed it was very natural to suppose this would be the case, especially as the Prussians, who had themselves suffered most severely by the French, would not be remarkably careful of the ornaments which surround this place.

After viewing all that could be seen of this splendid palace, we took an early dinner at a restaurateur's, just within the park gates, where we first met with pewter spoons and forks. "*Tout est caché*," said the girl that attended us, or they (meaning the silver) would have been taken away without ceremony.

During the battle which took place here between the Prussians and the French, an English lady, with her children, took shelter in a cave, with several other females. The Prussian soldiers having discovered them, would have put her to death, had she not been rescued by a Prussian officer, who fortunately for her understood a little English. The lady's husband was then in Switzerland, and did not know that the allies were near Paris.

The beautiful prospects, the cascades, and the magnificent park of Saint Cloud, have been so often described, that it is unnecessary for me to attempt any account. I was told that Buonaparte frequently dined here since his return from Elba, but that he never staid to sleep.

From Saint Cloud we proceeded to Malmaison, the last place which Napoleon inhabited, and from which he took his departure on the 29th of June, at five o'clock in the evening, attended only by General Bertrand and one servant: he was cheerful, and did not appear the least affected. This the servant told us, who had lived many years with Josephine, and who shewed us the house.

From Saint Cloud to Malmaison, the road is excellent, and affords most extensive prospects. On descending into the plain where Malmaison stands, a distant landscape opens to the view, and displays the city of Paris, and the various windings of the river Seine. The driver had, by mistake, taken us a considerable way out of our road, so that it was late before we arrived there. It was one of those evenings, when in this climate, at sun-set, the richest glow and tint of colouring appear on every object. The

silent tranquillity of the walks through the forsaken and delightful grounds, tastefully ornamented under the superintendance of Josephine, who had constantly resided here, shed a gloomy cast over the whole. The Prussians entered this place by firing into it. The few domestics who remained in the house said, that they hid themselves for a considerable time, or they should in all likelihood have been put to death: the soldiers broke glasses, destroyed several pieces of beautiful sculpture, and carried off most of the small articles that were portable.

The Swiss who conducted us about the building, said he had been fourteen years with Josephine, and that although it was reported she had been poisoned, it was from a putrid sore throat she died, having been ill only three days; and he observed, that no person ever possessed so much influence over Buonaparte as she did. We visited her private saloon, fitted up in her own taste. The couches and furniture of the chairs had the letter J on them, with a wreath of roses over each. The room was elegantly fitted up: at one end stood a superb marble table, inlaid with mosaic; the chimney-piece was of the same beautiful workmanship. The floor of the Gallery of Paint-

ings is very curiously inlaid with different sorts of American wood: it contains pictures of great value, and some exquisite statues by modern masters, brought from Rome; among the pictures is one of our King Charles the First and his Queen in full length.

The servant told us, that the Empress Maria Louisa had never entered this place. We were disappointed in not seeing the other apartments, Malmaison being the head-quarters of the commander of British cavalry, and the General reserving to himself the privilege of not permitting any one to enter them.

At the end of one of the avenues is the Temple of Love; it stands on the brink of a piece of water, which falls a little distance from it into a basin. The pillars, which are of red marble, are six in number, and support a light dome. On a pedestal, in the centre, is placed the statue of Cupid breaking his bow, and underneath are these words—I believe, by Voltaire:

"Il est, le fut, on le doit être
Qui que tu sois, voici ton mâitre."

The green-house is filled with the most rare

and curious plants from every part of the world, which, with those that line the walks at this season, shed throughout the most fragrant perfume. From this spot there is a fine view of the aqueduct and water-works at Marly. On a piece of water were some black swans, brought from New South Wales by Captain Boudin, the circumnavigator. Several small boats, also, were floating in the little stream which runs through the grounds.

On leaving Malmaison we returned by the road to Neuilly over the bridge of that name. The whole country presents a continued scene of interesting views; and throughout the village of Neuilly, villas with highly cultivated gardens, belonging to many of the principal inhabitants of Paris, are interspersed; but they are now like all the others in the environs of that city, deserted by their owners, and occupied by the allied troops. The Prussians were very anxious to destroy this bridge, which is a beautiful object; the length is seven hundred and fifty feet, with five arches, each being one hundred and twenty feet wide. It was constructed in the reign of Louis the XVth.

I remain, Dear Sir,
Yours, &c.

Paris, July 24th, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

At a very early hour this morning the British, Hanoverian, Dutch, and Belgian troops were drawn up in line with the artillery, and the different corps of cavalry in their rear, with the exception of our heavy dragoons, preparatory to their being reviewed.

The extent of ground occupied by our army might be between six and seven miles, from the end of the Champs Elysées, (where the British heavy cavalry were posted,) near the Place of Louis XV., to the village of Neuilly.

At ten o'clock the Duke of Wellington placed himself at the head of his own regiment, the Royal Horse Guards blue, and received the Emperors of Russia, Austria, and the King of Prussia, accompanied by an almost incalculable number of foreign officers. The bands played Rule Britannia, and after the Duke had saluted the sovereigns, he joined, and accompanied the *cortége* along the line, when the bands played God save the King.—

Nothing could surpass the splendour of this brilliant scene.

The British allied force is said to have amounted to between eighty and eighty-five thousand men, (I was informed by an officer of the staff that the latter number was nearest the truth,) with the finest train of artillery in the world. The passing in review lasted from eleven o'clock until five. The Duke was on horseback between the two Emperors, and I had the good fortune to be placed exactly in front of them the whole time, being mounted on a horse belonging to my gallant friend, Col. O'Mally, who had been twice wounded in the battle of the 18th, otherwise I should have seen very little, either on foot or in a carriage, from the great concourse of people. All Paris seemed to be assembled; whereas at the former reviews there was not the least crowd.

The Prince of Orange, who had been wounded in the left shoulder in the battle of Waterloo, and had his arm in a sling, rode at the head of the Dutch troops, who cheered him when he first passed along the line. He looked thin and pale.—Many of the British officers who had been wounded in the same battle,

several of whom had lost their limbs, were on the ground with their respective corps.

When the Highland regiments came up, playing their bagpipes, the attention of the foreign princes seemed particularly directed to them, from the novelty of their dresses; they played their favourite national airs as they passed. The band of the brave 42d regiment played "I'll gang ne mair to yon town."—My late gallant friend Sir Robert Macara, who commanded this corps in the battle of the 16th of June, was killed, with two thirds of the officers and men, on that memorable day. It was melancholy to see how thin some of our regiments were. The 42d had only two hundred present, and the 44th, which Colonel O'Mally commanded on the 18th, had only one hundred and eighty; the few remaining survivors being in the hospitals recovering from their wounds.

The Belgians appeared very strong. "And well they may be," said an officer, who was by my side; "for they threw away their arms, and ran away by thousands, leaving the British and the other allies to fight the enemy." All the other troops behaved with the greatest gal-

lantry. This officer told me, that when his regiment was formed into a square, and they expected to be overpowered, one of their serjeants tore the colours off the staff, and put them in his pocket.——It is impossible I can ever forget the sensations which this fine sight excited.

Our troops, from the state of their clothing, did not perhaps appear to so much advantage, after such a campaign, as the Prussians did, who had been new clothed since they entered France; but to every Englishman present it was a proud sight and a gratifying reflection, that each individual had nobly supported the honour of his country, and that he did not require the aid of ornament or dress to impress the spectators with respect and admiration for the valour displayed by the British army in the late battle.

The French, who seem so highly amused with the Highland dresses, call them "*Les Cossacs Anglois.*"

It has been stated to me, on good authority, that the British army was alone engaged with the French until six o'clock in the evening of the battle of the 18th of June. However glo-

rious it was for the British arms, it was long doubtful; and the subsequent destruction and final overthrow of the French army, was certainly owing to the Prussians coming up when they did. This seems to be the prevailing opinion with all the officers that I have conversed with—or that I have heard speak on the subject. It is also generally admitted, that had a retreat taken place on the part of the allies, it would have been a most disastrous one, as the Belgians would, it is believed, have joined the French, and cut off every avenue to the retreating army. Many of these troops, who behaved so ill in the action, plundered in all directions; and there was scarce a regiment engaged on that day, that did not lose most of their things from the shameful conduct of those cowards.

The French army, it is said, are again attempting to recruit their strength; and it is further stated, that the allied sovereigns have declared, if the troops do not submit, they will march their whole force against them, and give them no quarter.

This country cannot be said to be subdued while such a state of things exists; and the wonder is, that it has been so long permitted to

remain in open rebellion. Even Vincennes, where the white flag was hoisted the other day, continues still to hold out against permitting any interference of the allies. Some of our officers, who were driven out to that place by mistake, instead of Versailles, yesterday, I have been told, were threatened to be fired upon by the centinels, if they did not immediately retire. It is still watched by the Prussian troops.

I remain, Dear Sir,
Yours, &c.

Paris, July 25th, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

THE Gazette this day contains a long list of the names of those traitors to their King, who are to be arrested and tried; and of a greater number who are to be banished from France. It is difficult to imagine, why this necessary severity should have been so long delayed; and still more so, that the very men, who were accessary to the murder of Louis XVI. and who have participated in all the crimes of the Revolution, whence such torrents of blood have flowed, should still continue to form the administration of Louis the XVIIIth.

Accounts have been received of the white flag having been displayed at Bourdeaux, and at some other places of inferior note. Still the army and many strong places obstinately hold out against the royal authority.

A French nobleman said yesterday to a friend of mine, that all the King's friends feared

he would not act with sufficient energy in putting down the enemies of his government, and that unless the allied troops continue to occupy the country for some time, the King would be lost.

This morning we visited the heights and fortifications at Montmartre, which are very extensive. Our engineer officers say, that not a spot has been neglected, and no means omitted to make this a most formidable place; and the works are become objects of curiosity to every one. The heavy ordnance was mostly removed by the French army when they quitted Paris. There are only twenty-three pieces of cannon now remaining, and those were spiked and rendered unserviceable, by being filled up to the muzzle with shot, stones, and every thing that could be crammed into them.

The gardens are all turned into intrenchments, the walls are pierced with loop-holes for musquetry, and palisades are placed at every approach of the heights. Nothing seems to have been neglected to make it difficult of access to an hostile army. An officer who was in the plain below with the advance of our divisions, at the time, informed me, that the whole day on which the treaty had been signed,

the French were employed blowing up every place that contained powder or combustibles. The houses that remain are all deserted, and in a ruinous state.

I remain, Dear Sir,
Yours, &c.

Paris, July 26th, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

We this morning visited the Musée des Monumens Français, (the Museum of French Monuments,) in the Rue des petits Augustins.

This old convent of the Augustins, which contains the monuments, like the other religious establishments in France, was suppressed during the Revolution, and the preservation of what it now contains was entirely owing to the zeal and care of Monsieur Le Noir. The monuments are arranged in the different cloisters, according to their respective antiquity, each apartment containing the works of its own century.

The tombs of the Kings at Saint Denis, were opened in search of plunder, and to obtain the lead from the coffins, which they afterwards melted down to make bullets, as was well expressed by Burke, to massacre the living.

The French book which describes the various monuments collected in this place, gives the following curious account of finding the body of Henry the IVth, in a most extraordinary state of preservation. Every thing that relates to that great monarch, is now so interesting, as the present family and their adherents seem to wish to derive their greatest consequence and claim to the crown from his merits, that I copy the translation as given by Tronchet in his Paris Guide :—

" The features of his face were not the least altered. It was a dry mummy, and had the skull sawed ; and in place of the brain, which had been taken out, contained some tow or cotton, steeped in an aromatic liquor. A soldier who was present, moved by a martial enthusiasm, at the instant of opening the coffin, threw himself on the body, and after a long silence of some continuance, drew his sword, cut off a lock from the beard, which was still fresh, and exclaimed,—" *Et moi aussi je suis soldat Français ! desormais je n'aurai plus d'autre moustache.*" And placing it on his upper lip, added,—" *Maintenant je suis sur de vaincre les ennemis de la France et je marche à la victoire.*" Immediately after uttering these

words he disappeared, and was never seen again."

Among the numberless beautiful monuments which are to be seen here, are those of Cardinal Richelieu, which is considered the *chef d'œuvre* of the celebrated Girardon ;—the Cardinal Mazarine,—and the Duke de Sully, Marechal de France, and the celebrated minister and friend of Henry the IVth, who died in 1641.

The hall, which is called in the book descriptive of the monuments, *La Salle d'Introduction*, contains some affecting lines by Mary Queen of Scots, which she composed on leaving France, on board the vessel which conveyed her to England.—

" Adieu plaisant pays de France,
O ma patrie
La plus chérie !
Qui a nourri ma jeune existence ;—
Adieu France, adieu nos beaux jours !
La nef qui de nos joint amours
N'eu de moi que la moitié,
Une part te reste, elle est tienne,
Je la fie à ton amitié
Pour que de l'autre elle te souvienne."

On a plate are the following lines on Agnes Sorel, mistress to Charles the VIIth :—

" Ci-gît la belle Agnes—O mort ! cette beauté
Devoit, de sa douceur, fléchir ta cruaute ;
Mais, la lui ravissant en la fleur de son âge,
Si grande que tu cuidois n'a été ton outrage :
Car, si elle eut fourni l'entier nombre des jours,
Que lui pouvoit donner de la nature le cours ;
Ses beaux traits, sa bonne teinte, et sa belle charnure,
De la tarde vieillesse auroient santi l'injure.
Mais de la belle Agnés durera le surnom,
Tout que de la beauté, *Beauté* sera le nom."

The poet makes an allusion here to the name of Beauté, the King having made her a present of the Chateau de *Beauté.*

It is not very easy to comprehend the old French poetry. Voltaire has celebrated Agnes in his *Pucelle d'Orleans.*—

" Une beauté nommée Agnés Sorel,
Jamais l'amour ne forma rien de tel.
Imaginez de Flore la jeunesse,
La taille et l'air de la nymphe des bois,
Et de Vénus la grace enchanteresse,
Et de l'amour le séduisant minois,
L'art d'Arachné, le doux chant des sirénes ;
Elle avoit tout ; elle auroit dans ses chaines
Mis les héros, les sages et les rois."

VOLTAIRE.

There is a fine bust of the Maid of Orleans, with a sword in her hand, of *terre cuite*, in a female habit, as described by Voltaire.*

The French, in their description of this very beautiful and interesting monument, say,—

"*Jeanne d'Arc, dite du lys, vulgairement connue sous le nom de Pucelle d'Orleans, considerée comme sorcière par les dévotes, les prédicateurs, et même par l'université de Paris, livrée de suite à un tribunal d'Evéques inquisiteurs, vendu au parti de l'Angleterre qui les soudoya, fut condamnée, comme magicienne, à être brulée dans la principale place de Rouen, le* 30 *Mai* 1430, *aprés avoir rendu les services les plus importans à la France.*"

The garden belonging to this convent has been planted with cypresses, willows, and various sorts of evergreens; and in it are placed

* "Jeanne auprés d'eux, ce fier soutien du trône,
Portant corset et jupon d'Amazone,
Le chef orné d'un petit chapeau vert,
Enrichi d'or et de plumes couvert."

VOLTAIRE.

several very curious and beautiful busts, altars, and tombs, the walks of which are so arranged as to make it a place for mournful and solitary meditation. I shall never forget the sort of sensation I experienced when I first beheld the truly interesting monument of Abelard and Eloisa, brought here from the abbey of the Paraclete.

Kotzebue describes this monument with th following affecting simplicity :—

" These pillars, these ruins, once belonged to the Paraclete; and in the middle of them is a tomb; 'tis Abelard's !—The identical sepulchre which the venerable Peter dedicated to his friend.—Here lies Abelard, with his head reclined and his hands folded---near him reposes his faithful mistress !

" The heads of these interesting figures, are impressions taken by the sculptor; and what is still more, this tomb actually contains the ashes of the two lovers. Every loving couple, who are so happy as to visit the thousand curiosities of Paris, should, hand in hand, renew the oath of fidelity at this tomb."

" If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads
And drink the falling tear each other sheds:
Then sadly say, with mutual pity moved,
Oh! may we never love, as these have loved!"

The monument is now undergoing some repairs, and two fine busts are placed on the outside, of Abelard and Eloisa, since its removal from the Paraclete. In the centre, suspended from the top, is a lamp over the two figures described by Kotzebue.

On each side of the tomb, underneath the figures, are the following inscriptions, surrounded by stars:—

Les Restes d'Heloisa
et d'Abelard sont
Reunis dans ce
Tombeau.

Corps d'Abelard et
d'Heloise, ont été Transportés
dans ce lieu
En l'An VIII.

Ce Tombeau
d'Abelard, à été Transporté
de l'Eglise Saint Marcelle
Challons sur Saone
An VIII.

Les Restes d'Heloise et
d'Abelard sont
Reunis dans ce
Tombeau.

At the bottom, just under the heads of the

two lovers, is the following inscription, said to have been written by Marmontel :—

Hic
Sub eodem marmore jacent
Hujus Monasterii
Conditor Petrus Abelardus
Et abbatissa prima Heloissa
Olim studiis, ingenio, amore, infaustis nuptiis.
Et pœnitentiâ
Nunc æternâ, quod speramus, felicitate
Conjuncti.
Petrus obit xx. prima Aprilis, anno 1142
Heloissa xxii Maii 1163
Curis Carolæ de Roucy Paraclete Abbatissa—1779.

Pierre de Cluni had his remains removed privately, and conveyed to Heloisa at the Convent of the Paraclete : who placed the coffin of her lover in a chapel, called Le Petit Moustier, which he had constructed. Heloisa survived him twenty-one years ; and was deposited in the same coffin with him, agreeably to her own directions.

In the centre is a brass plate, reciting the history of the removal and interment of Abelard and Heloisa, which I did not copy.

I remain, Dear Sir,
Yours, &c.

Paris, July 27th, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

I HAD the gratification this day, to see the models of the different fortified towns of France and its frontiers on the Rhine.

The engineer officer who has the charge of them, informed me, that some Prussian troops, without producing any order, had entered the Invalides a few days since, and commanded him to deliver over to them certain models which they had a list of; and instantly set to work to put up those of Condé, Valenciennes, Lille, Dunkirk, and several other of the beautiful models, which were begun to be executed as early as the reign of Louis the XIVth, and continued ever since, for the instruction and information of the Engineer Corps. When we entered, parties of Prussians were employed putting together large cases to transport them to Prussia. I never saw mortification and indignation more strongly depicted, than in the countenance of the invalid soldiers and of this officer, while he was telling us, that he had in vain represented the circumstance to the

Minister, who had not taken any notice of it, or he supposed had not the power to prevent it; which was no doubt correct enough.

Formerly no person was admitted without an order from the sovereign; and that was the most difficult thing imaginable for a stranger to obtain, for very obvious reasons.

The Battle of Lodi is executed with a precision that must astonish every one who sees it: Buonaparte is on his white charger, with his aid-du-camp in the act of being killed by his side. The bridge is thronged with troops rushing on to the attack, on whom the fire from the Austrian batteries is pouring death and destruction. The whole battle, with the retreating Austrian army, is displayed in the most surprising manner; the smoke appears to come from the different cannon, and even musketry; and pieces of tinsel are so managed, that the observer supposes he sees the fire vomiting forth from the guns, and from the houses in which the Austrians have taken shelter. Nothing can be more beautiful than these unrivalled designs of human talent and ingenuity; not a house, a field, or even a tree of any growth, but is faithfully imitated. The roads

are regularly marked out, with their various windings; and the sea-ports are as accurately laid down as in the most correct map.

The plan of Brest and Toulon harbours, are on a prodigious scale; so that any professional man might make himself complete master of their entrance, and the different points of defence, by an inspection of them. Several of our officers were present; and I could not help regretting, that the circumstance of their being to be seen was not more generally known before they are dispersed. It was a mere matter of accident that I found them out. The friends who accompanied me, were equally delighted and gratified with myself.

I have been informed to-day, that the Prince of Eckmuhl has quitted the French army, and is said to have arrived in Paris. I have been likewise assured, that the British troops will soon move off to the frontier towns, and towards the coast of Normandy. This measure, one should think, must soon become necessary, from the difficulty of furnishing the supplies for such numbers. The French people are indeed beginning to complain loudly, and to feel the inconvenience of supporting such bodies of

troops: and it is right they should, for they have long made other countries suffer enough by their system of requisition and plunder.

I was told to-day, by respectable authority, that yesterday five Prussian soldiers were taken out of the river Seine, their bodies mangled most dreadfully; and some of the allied troops are constantly found missing from their quarters; from which there is too much reason to apprehend that murders are perpetrated by the dispersed French soldiery. These circumstances are carefully concealed, however, from the public, and indeed very little information upon this or any other subject can be obtained from the papers, that can be relied on.

In the evening we went to the Theatre de l'Odeon, which is a handsome building, and the music very good, but some of the pieces they played were dull enough. The house was less crowded than any other public place I have seen in Paris. This may be accounted for from the theatre being in a distant quarter of the city, which at such a moment strangers may not much like to visit at a late hour of the night. The afterpiece was Le Soupé de Henri Quatre, containing many allusions to the pre-

sent interesting period, which were received with a good deal of applause.

The air of *Charmante Gabrielle* was loudly applauded. The following verses are sung by Catau, daughter to Michau the miller, who entertains the king at supper, without knowing his rank, but supposes him to be one of his majesty's attendants.—Catau is in love with Lucas.

" Charmante Gabrielle,
Percé de mille dards:
Quand la gloire m'appelle
Sous les drapeaux de Mars;
Cruelle departie!
Malheureux jour!
Que ne suis-je sans vie,
Ou sans amour."

Michau's son Richard sings with a melancholy air, addressing himself to Henri:—

" Si le roi m'avait donné
Paris sa grande ville,
Et qu'il me fallût quitter
L'amour de ma mie;
Je dirais au roi Henri;
Reprenez votre Paris ;
J'aime mieux ma mie,
O que
J'aime mieux ma mie."

Richard is in love with Agatha.—It is an interesting little piece, taken from the *Partie de Chasse.*

I remain, Dear Sir,
Yours, &c.

Paris, July 28th, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

We went this morning to see the manufactory of the Gobelins, in the Rue Mouffetard, situated in the southern quarter of Paris. Several persons were employed in copying some of the celebrated pictures taken from the Louvre for that purpose. One of them, which I recollect having been particularly struck with in the Gallery of Paintings, when I was last at Paris, is the subject of Brutus condemning his son, painted by Lathiere, at Rome, in 1811. Napoleon is supposed to be represented in that character, and it is certainly very like his other portraits.—The Gobelin manufacture of tapestry being in the hands of government, no private individual is allowed to purchase; but there is another manufactory at Beauvais, which is likewise very beautiful, although inferior.

From the Gobelins we went to the Place de Saint Antoine, to see the model of the elephant, which is now nearly completed, previous to its being cast in bronze. It has taken three years to form it, and it is, without exception, one

of the greatest curiosities in Paris. It is made of wood, cased over with iron, and then plastered. To form a just idea of an animal seventy-two feet high, with a castle on its back, it should be viewed, for it is impossible to give an adequate idea of it in writing. The staircase, which ascends spirally into the body, is in one of the hind-legs, and in the carcase is a spacious apartment, leading to the tower, which is to contain a reservoir for water, with a walk round it, from whence the most extensive view of Paris will be seen.

In returning along the Boulevard du Temple, we stopped to view the beautiful fountain, which stands on one side. I could not discover that it had any other name than La Fontaine de Boulevard de Saint Martin. The Boulevard of the Temple and the latter join nearly at this spot. It is a modern edifice.

From the sides of the great basin, four lions of bronze spout streams of water; and from the centre springs a *jet d'eau*, falling in a cascade all round into it, affording a refreshing and beautiful object in warm weather, and thus amply supplying this quarter of the city.

The space where the Temple stood, which

I visited in May 1814, and which I shall describe as I then saw it, is now surrounded by a high wall ; and where the body of the buildings and its four towers stood, there is now erected a palace, destined by Napoleon for the residence of the Ministre de la Religion.— What a change !

I cannot express the sort of disappointment I experienced on discovering this alteration in a building which, on various accounts, I had been more desirous to examine than any other in Paris. The gardens remain as they were from the period of its being a religious foundation ; and that part of the Temple only remains which was formerly occupied by the Commandant. The whole was in the act of being levelled to the ground by Buonaparte's orders.

We had considerable difficulty to obtain admittance, as if they were unwilling to have it seen, even in its present state. When I enquired of the Commissaire, a surly looking fellow, who acknowledged having resided there when it was a state prison, whether there were any dungeons under ground, and *oubliettes*. he replied, that there had been places of confinement, but that the buildings of the Temple

had been thrown down three or four years for erecting the present palace, and the rubbish had been thrown into the vaults and casemates under ground. We perceived a great reluctance on this man's part to answer any questions respecting this horrid place. He no doubt had witnessed scenes which he either wished to forget, or was ashamed to avow. He told us that within the last four years the state prisoners had all been transferred to the castle of Vincennes.

Unwilling to give up the idea of seeing the part underground, I asked another man, who luckily entered while we were making inquiries of the other if he would shew us the vaults, and offering him a handsome present. After some consultation they procured a light, when we descended into a place, the very recollection of which, while I am writing an account of it, freezes me with horror.

The damp gave us all severe colds, but otherwise we escaped better than we had a right to have expected from so imprudent a measure. —Such was the state of the air in the subterraneous passages, that the candle could with difficulty be kept in.

We entered several dungeons, through a gallery, which evidently used to be secured with heavy grated bars of iron, and through the most intricate passages, leading from one vault or dungeon to another. The second we came to had a square hole like a well, and large enough to admit a man, in the centre of it; so that groping about in the dark, a person was certain to fall into it and perish in that miserable manner, which was the design of the *oubliettes*. I looked down, in order, if possible, to ascertain its depth; but the damp vapours arising from the foulness of the air had nearly extinguished the light, and dreadful effluvia made us glad to quit the spot. But we visited several others, and saw quite sufficient to convince us, that the place we were then examining had been the abode of death and oblivion, so often described.

At every footstep, as we descended, the merciless and sanguinary atrocities which had been committed within its walls, where thousands have been condemned and executed, unheard by those savage judges, in whose breasts every spark of justice and humanity was extinguished, were forcibly recalled to the mind. This loathsome monument of tyranny and

oppression, like the Bastile, will soon be forgotten, the workmen having received orders to complete its destruction with all possible speed.

It is curious to reflect on the transformation. A temple of religion rising up from amidst the ruins of a prison, which yet reeks with the blood of its victims!

I remain, Dear Sir,
Yours, &c.

Paris, July, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

DURING the course of last autumn I became acquainted with an officer who had served with Captain Wright at the time he was taken. This gentleman informed me, that he had just escaped from a long imprisonment in France, during which he had been five years in solitary confinement in the dungeons of the Temple, and other prisons; and was afterwards removed to Verdun, from which place he had effected a most miraculous escape, by jumping from the ramparts of the castle into the river Meuse, from a height so dreadful, that nothing but desperation, and a resolution to perish or accomplish his purpose, could have tempted him to risk. After sustaining the most extraordinary and painful fatigues and privations, and evading the vigilance of the police officers, (by personating a Polish Jew,) who were every where in search of him, he reached the sea coast in Flanders, and was taken on board an English frigate by some fishermen, whom he had succeeded in bribing with the money he had provided himself with

to pay the conductor that accompanied him from Verdun, and who had treacherously deserted, after robbing him of his *valisse* (which the man supposed contained his money,) while he lay fast asleep in a wood; but who only obtained a few things of no value, the money having been fortunately secreted round his body. This gentleman related to me several very interesting circumstances relative to the treatment of his unfortunate commander, who perished in the Temple, after having been cruelly murdered, by being twice put to the torture.

This gentleman received a note from Captain Wright, written shortly before he perished, desiring, that if he survived, he would say, that he had been tortured, and that he expected to be murdered; but that he should never betray any thing intrusted to him, or act unworthily of his country and his rank as a Captain in the British navy.—Brave, and noble hero!

This gentleman, whose name I do not mention, because I conclude he will himself publish his interesting account, was himself repeatedly threatened with the torture, and the instruments were displayed before him; but he,

like his noble companion, resolutely persisted in his refusal to say a word.

The unhappy Captain Wright was attended by a French surgeon, employed in that horrid place, who compassionated his sufferings, and who did not long survive him. From what cause was not known, but through him Captain Wright communicated to his friend the melancholy and shocking details of his sufferings.

On my return to England, this year, a friend sent me the following conversation, which recently passed between Napoleon and an English nobleman, in which he throws the ignominy of Captain Wright's sufferings on others; and I have reason to know that this interesting document is genuine. It passed on board the Bellerophon, a day or two before he quitted this country for St. Helena:—

N. Why do the English dislike me? I always entertained the highest opinion of them; and always wished for peace with England?

A. They disapproved your conduct in Egypt, with regard to poisoning your own wounded soldiers, and shooting some of the Turks.

N. I never ordered opium to be administered to my wounded soldiers, but from motives of mercy; neither did I ever order a Turk to be shot but in self-defence, and to prevent the destruction of my own people.—What more do the English say against me?

A. That you murdered Captain Wright.

N. I never till this moment heard his name. —Well, have you any more charges to exhibit?

A. The murder of the Duc d'Enghien.

N. Charge Talleyrand with that; for I am innocent.

The Englishman now asked the following questions:—

Q. What is your opinion of Murat?

N. That he is a brave man in the field, but too apt to expose his person for a general officer.

Q. What think you of the Austrian Emperor?

N. He is a good man, and always does right when acting from himself; but he wants firmness, and is therefore easily misled.

Q. What think you of the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia?

N. The former is delightful in conversation; but false and crafty as a Greek. The latter is a mere drill serjeant.

Every person who saw Napoleon when he first entered Torbay, represented him as possessing not only the most benevolent countenance they ever beheld, but a smile, some observed, *absolutely angelic.* When he quitted the Bellerophon, however, every kind of expression was so completely banished from his face, that it became nothing more than a marble bust; and remained thus void of animation till he had ascended the side of the Northumberland. The Bellerophon's side was manned by four sailors only when he quitted that ship; and the Northumberland in the same manner to receive him. The marines, however, presented arms when he came upon deck: and the drum rolled twice.

Paris, July, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

In the afternoon of yesterday we went to the Opera, or the Cabinet Royal de Musique, to see the new ballet composed on the occasion of the King's restoration, called *L'Heureux Retour*, in which several Highlanders are introduced in compliment to the English, and dance a Scotch reel. The imitation of their mode of dancing was ridiculous and amusing enough.

The opera was *Anacreon chez Polycrate*, in three acts. In one passage of the opera, when Anacreon says—

> " Du vain secours de Mars nous n'avons pas besoin
> La Paix est dans les cœurs, et le plaisir nous garde,"

the audience rose up, cried " *Vive*," and the applauses continued for some time. From the allusion to the present moment, the airs of *Vive Henri* and *La Belle Gabrielle* were sung with enthusiasm.

Early this morning our party set out on

horseback to examine the environs of Paris. We first proceeded to the heights of Montmartre, where the telegraph is erected on a tower of the Convent de Belliée, and from whence we could command a most extensive view of Paris and the surrounding country, for a considerable distance.

During the Revolution the unfortunate nuns had been driven from this spot, which is nearly a heap of ruins. A party of soldiers were cooking their messes among the tombs, with perfect indifference. I copied the following lines from one of the grave-stones, the rest were broken off.—

" Helas ! Seigneur, qui pouvez commander
A subvenir seul à notre ignorance,
Enseignez nous ce qu'il faut demander
Quand nous prions la divine puissance.
Persévérant en dévote oraison,
O ! Seigneur Dieu, je veux ravir et prendre
De vos bontés plus qu'humaine raison,
Ne peut juger, esperer, ni comprendre.
Rendons les mains à ce grand roi de gloire ;
Et le prions sans intermission ;
Car c'est lui....."

From this spot the eye is almost bewildered with the surrounding scenery. The domes and

steeples of the city of Paris beneath;—the plains and villages, with their woods interspersed;—and the different camps of the allied armies scattered around, almost to the tops of the neighbouring hills, form the most interesting *coup d'œil* imaginable.

As we descended the hill, the 12th and 36th English regiments, with several corps belonging to the German Legion, were marching up to relieve those that had held this important post since the first entrance of the allied troops into Paris.

We afterwards rode round by Bagatelle, and through the Bois de Boulogne, and from thence returned through the Champs Elysées.

The timber in the Bois de Boulogne appears to be diminishing rapidly: the troops make use of it for firing, and for the purpose of erecting huts; so that in a short time there will be but few trees to be seen, which must be very mortifying to the Parisians, who resort to this place as we do to Hyde Park.

Over the entrance of one of the gateways at the Barrière de Montmartre, the following let-

ters were very legible, through the colouring with which they had been washed over:—

INDIVISIBILITÉ, FRATERNITÉ,
LA RÉPUBLIQUE,
EGALITÉ, LIBERTÉ,
OU
LA MORT.

The same letters are to be seen on the Arch of the Port Saint Denis, and they appear nearly as fresh as if they had recently been placed there. One would almost be induced to believe, that they have been restored by the republican party, by rubbing or washing off the coat of colouring that had been put over them.

It is worthy of remark, with what indifference the police suffers these emblems of the revolutionary era to remain: perhaps the government may attach but little weight to such trifling circumstances; but I cannot view them with the same indifference, when adverting to the former political principles of some of those individuals who are now in power.

The house at Bagatelle, we were informed, was now occupied by some Prussians. As we

passed the grounds they appeared in good order; and some statues were observed interspersed between the trees in the avenues and walks; but the centinel at the gate would not permit us to enter.

It is said, that a division of the British army is under orders to proceed to the coast, and that the Commander in Chief has been under the necessity of remonstrating with the French government, in consequence of the British troops being so ill supplied, which perhaps might be owing to their not having treated the French as the allies have done. Our people have for a considerable time been obliged to forage round the country for the supply of the cavalry, no measures having been adopted by the French authorities to that effect, and the horses are said to have been for many days without a feed of oats. This sort of forbearance and magnanimity, (for which we are only laughed at,) has been lost upon them; and it is high time to follow the system so successfully adopted by our allies, who are in want of nothing.

The Paris papers announce the departure of Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, to disband the French army on the Loire. This measure may not, from all reports and appear-

ances, be so easily accomplished as they would teach the world to believe.

Among the French commanders whose names do not appear in the list of traitors, is Davoust; and he is said to be at large! Even the King's friends are afraid of his want of vigour and firmness—they openly talk of it.

The government is about to form a Royal Guard of twenty-five thousand men, to be composed of troops known to be devoted to their sovereign. Perhaps the King will then feel himself more secure, and act with more resolution: but it is evident to every one, that there is a manifest apprehension at the present time, on his part, notwithstanding the proclamations of his cabinet. The Buonapartists openly wear the tri-coloured ribbon; they are to be seen at every place, and in every street. This sort of clemency may be considered as proceeding from the mildness and goodness of the King's disposition; but it is cruelty to his loyal subjects, and encouraging to the disaffected. The army, it is plain, wish to dictate terms to the King; and the state of France at this moment is perhaps as unsettled as at any one period since the Revolution. He ought to apply the words of Polycrate, in the opera

of Anacreon, which was represented the oth e night:—

" Ma bonté trop long-temps enhardit la coupable,
Qu'elle éprouve l'effet de ma séverité :
Je dois, je veux etre implacable."

I remain, Dear Sir,
Yours, &c.

Paris, July 30th, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

THE interesting monument I saw the other day at the Petit Augustins, awakened so strong a desire in me to visit Argenteuil, which is only distant between five and six miles from Paris, that I rode out there this morning. The town, like all those in the neighbourhood, is now very much neglected and deserted; and there is very little to interest, except the ride, which is pleasant.

The Abbey of Argenteuil was once celebrated for its abbess, the beautiful and accomplished Eloisa, whose unfortunate passion Pope has so pathetically described; and who, after a long course of calamities, retired to consecrate the remainder of her days in the Paraclete, which Abelard had made over to her and some faithful sisters of the order, who retired with her. How affecting are the lines in which she describes her retreat:—

"You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
And Paradise was open'd in the wild.

No weeping orphan saw his Father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here bribe the rage of ill-requited Heaven:
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise."

POPE'S *Eloise.*

I am preparing to leave Paris to-morrow for Normandy. I have seen a great deal in the course of these few weeks, to amuse by its novelty and its interest, at such a period; and enough to disgust and sicken the heart: and I am now desirous to breathe a purer air. Those who may afterwards arrive here will, I think, be greatly disappointed; every thing is becoming enormously dear, and will be, in all probability, soon raised to a greater price. The most interesting moment is passed; many of our troops have already began their march, and it is said that the Guards and heavy dragoons only are to remain here. The want of forage, which I have already noticed, and the uncomfortable way in which they have been lodged since their arrival, from the foreigners having, in the first instance, secured to themselves the best quarters, make it the more necessary. Notwithstanding which, I am proud to say, that the good conduct of the

British troops is every where the theme of praise and admiration amongst all classes of the French people.

I remain, Dear Sir,
Yours, &c.

THE END.

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Appendix, page 4 —*See also Mon. Rev. Waverly, Nov.* 1814, *and Crit. Rev. May.* 1815.

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